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The Week

IT is a novel and encouraging fact that apart from Lloyd George the man in Europe who is using his influence most persistently and intelligently on behalf of European pacification and recovery is the head of the Roman Catholic church. Twice recently he has published letters which, coming as they did at a critical moment and carefully aimed as they were at the most stubborn obstacles to European recovery, have strengthened the hands of Lloyd George and impaired the confidence of his opponents. This active and aggressive interest which the Pope is exhibiting on behalf of European reconciliation is the more significant because it introduces an ingredient into Roman Catholic policy which, if it is consistently carried on in the future, may become a powerful and decisive influence in humanizing European politics. Throughout the nineteenth century the Roman Catholic, like the Protestant churches, allowed the secular governments to wage war and to write treaties of peace without putting in any effective claim that the truths of the Christian religion were challenged or compromised by the way in which war and peace were made. If the Roman Catholic hierarchy has definitely adopted a policy of seeking to subordinate the behavior of governments to what it takes to be Christian truth, its initiative may mean the beginning of a new era in the relation between church and state, and politics and religion.

IF, however, Roman Catholic Christianity is again going to insist on the desirability under some circumstances of subordinating secular to religious authority, its leaders will have to invent some novel and better way than any it now possesses of making its solemn pronouncements effective. The Pope cannot, as he once did, excommunicate and deny the sacraments to offending politicians or states. Too many of them are already heretics. On the other hand, the publication to the world of pious expressions of opinion at a time when opinions of all kinds circulate so widely and with so much assurance yet produce so little effect, may be better than nothing, but it is not precisely an adequate method for the successor of St. Peter to use in causing sacred truth to prevail. How the Roman church will eventually answer the question we shall not venture to guess, but groups of Roman Catholics independent of the church are at least experimenting in the direction of the answer. They are organizing political parties, which, unlike the former ultramontane Catholic groups in various European states, are liberal, humane, experimental and pacific in their program and outlook. It is possible that these political parties can gradually educate a public opinion which is democratic without being secularist, which is socialist without being revolutionary, which is pacific without being non-cooperative and which is religious without seeking the aggrandizement of any one sectarian church. The Italian Popular party is the best example which has yet appeared of a political group of this kind. Its chief is now in Genoa working on behalf of Lloyd George's success.

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ALL the precedents of Allied diplomacy would be upset if the terms actually offered to Russia at Genoa are such as any nation not wholly subjugated could accept. So far as we can infer from the press forecasts of the Allied terms, Russia is to validate her pre-war debts; restore the property of Allied nationals or make due compensation for it if it has been destroyed; create for the benefit of foreigners trading in Russia a security of tenure practically equivalent to private property; agree to refrain from propaganda and to suppress all plotting on Russian soil against foreign governments. The last is a perfectly reasonable proposal, if the Allied governments are prepared to reciprocate. The other proposals are reasonable or not according to the benefits that are offered in return. These benefits appear to be summed up under the form of credits to be granted by a consortium of the Allied powers. And these credits, it appears, are not to be granted directly to the Soviet government, but are to be applied to specific purposes controlled by the consortium—railway development and agricultural advances in selected regions. On its face, the consortium proposal suggests a purpose of zoning Russia and placing convenient zones practically under Allied control. The Russian representatives, it may safely be predicted, will accept no such arrangement as that.

BOTH sides to the negotiation are at present in a mood to exaggerate the value of what they offer and to belittle the value of what is offered in return. Mr. Lloyd George has emphasized the fact that the rest of the world can feed itself without Russia, if it must. So it can—at a price that will prove burdensome to British industry. The Russian representatives on the other hand overestimate the possibility of an immediate contribution of Russia to world trade. Lloyd George assumes that western credits and trade are absolutely essential to Russia. They are not: millions of Russians have died of famine partly in consequence of the blockade, but the whole population of Russia is so vast and viable that the losses by famine will be made good in three or four years. Most Russians have always lived independently of foreign trade and will continue to do so. Besides, failure of the negotiations at Genoa will not wholly isolate Russia commercially. The German-Russian treaty will remain, and trading arrangements with Poland and Czecho-Slovakia will go forward. Neither side, then, is in a position to dictate terms. If the French recognized this as clearly as the British and the Italians do, we might be justified in predicting that a compromise will be reached after the political strategy of exorbitant terms has served its purpose. But it pleases the French to insist on the last imaginary franc, at the sacrifice, if necessary, of substantial advantages.

THE friends of Ireland in this country and particularly those who believe that the Free State provides a sounder solution of the relation between Ireland and Great Britain than would a wholly unattached republic are more disheartened than they are justified in being by the persistence of disorder and the apparent danger of a settlement by military force. The continued prevalence of violence is dangerous, of course, but an overzealous and energetic attempt to suppress it would be still more dangerous. The Free State provisional government is not as yet strong enough in the confidence of the Irish people to adopt with success a policy of forcible and bloody suppression; and by the time it is strong enough, such a policy will probably not be necessary. Irish public opinion is said to be increasingly opposed to the faction which uses violence as its weapon. If this is true, its influence will gradually prevail and will result in a peaceable settlement, obtained by an appeal to the ballot.

THE coal strike continues without any sign of yielding on either side. The operators are prepared for a long fight and if they were let alone would probably be able to hold out indefinitely. The miners are already suffering from severe privations and have not as much power of resistance as the operators, but their lines are still intact and as yet they are nowhere near the end of their resources. The question is whether they can keep the production of coal so far below its consumption that the latter will eat up the existing stocks and create a public demand for intervention by the government. If they can hold out another five or six weeks, the industries of the country will begin to be crippled and the government will probably step in and force the two parties to arbitrate the dispute. It seems a pity that industry will have to pay a considerable penalty and the families of the miners undergo a great deal of suffering in order to obtain a result which could have been obtained without either loss or privation, but that is the price which the American community must pay for its indifference to and its ignorance about the real public interests which are involved in industrial disputes. The only way in which it becomes capable of summoning up enough energy and information to demand and achieve a settlement of a dispute in a basic industry is to sit down helplessly and wait until its consequences become intolerable.

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WHY are Thomas J. Mooney and Warren K. Billings still in jail? Because there is sufficient ground for believing that they were fairly convicted of the Preparedness Parade outrage? Or because they are undesirable citizens? These questions present themselves insistently as one reads the letter of Matthew Brady, district attorney of San Francisco, petitioning the governor of the state to pardon the two men. Since the trial, as everyone knows, much of the testimony on which the conviction was secured has been shown to be untrustworthy, and a crucial part of it perjured. As Mr. Brady says, "if these matters . . . could be called to the attention of a court that had jurisdiction to grant a new trial, undoubtedly a new trial would be granted. Furthermore, if a new trial were granted there would be no possibility of convicting Mooney or Billings . . . The only reason for keeping them in prison is that they are undesirable citizens and, if they have not committed the offense charged, they have been guilty of other activities that justify restraining them." That is, indeed, the only reason, most persons who have followed the case closely will agree. It is an abominable reason. Mr. Brady remains within the limits of moderation in asserting his belief that "the continued imprisonment of men convicted on testimony generally regarded as false is more destructive of our institutions than anything agitators such as Mooney and Billings have it in their power to do."

THERE may have been adequate ground for intervening in Haiti. According to latter day interpretations of the Monroe Doctrine, we are in some fashion responsible for the maintenance of order in the American republics which we protect against subjugation by the European powers. But who is to decide whether we shall launch a program of annexation of sister republics, for their good? An administrative department seized control of Haiti under President Wilson; the administrative departments of President Harding are carrying it on. Secretary Hughes states that the government "is considering all that is essential for the tranquility and well being of the people of Haiti, and, of course, we are most desirous that the military occupation shall end just as soon as it can properly end." That is no doubt true. But it does not answer the questions that have been raised as to the legality and political expediency of the action of the Navy Department in setting out on imperialistic conquests without a mandate from the representatives of the people. What we really needed from Mr. Hughes was the assurance that the present venture would be wound up at the earliest possible date and measures taken to prevent any similar misuse of departmental powers.

"GOD save labor from the courts," says Mr. Gompers, and most persons familiar with the record of the courts on labor questions will echo his prayer. But there are other things besides the courts that labor needs to be saved from and one of them is precisely the do-nothing attitude which Mr. Gompers assumed in his remarks before the Lockwood Committee. Neither Mr. Gompers nor anyone else can deny that there are a great many abuses attached to trade union policy. Patience and time, Mr. Gompers holds, will eliminate these abuses. They might, if a powerful movement within the unions were working in that direction. But Mr. Gompers does not testify to such a movement. He is not generally credited with sympathy toward attempts to make the unions assume responsibility for production standards. Yet, if the unions need a friendly public opinion—as they occasionally do—they will have to admit public interests among their objects. They are organized primarily to defend their own interests, and it is desirable that those interests be strongly defended. But no particular interest is so pure or beneficent that it can claim absolute right of way over the interest of the public.

IT is the pride of modern industrialism that it can find a place for everything. A great pork packer used to boast that his company was able to make profitable use of every part of a pig "except the squeal." Industrialism can do better even than that, nowadays. There is a man who has achieved great notoriety for good works well paid for, who recently declared, in an address delivered at the Academy of Music in Philadelphia, that "the nationalization of women is a principle accepted and encouraged by the Bolsheviks." To quote the Public Ledger, that is "the cruelest, silliest, and most barbarous lie invented about the Russian people since the first revolution." Who can be so shameless as to repeat this disgusting slander? Why, the Rev. Billy Sunday, of course. But a use for him and his voice was recently proposed. To quote a Charleston, West Virginia, dispatch of April 4th to the Baltimore Sun, "Mr. Sunday has been asked to cancel a revival campaign scheduled to begin Easter Monday in Richmond, Indiana, to preach in the West Virginia coal fields, and he has taken the matter under consideration. Coal operators made the proposal to the evangelist, promising him they would bear the expense."

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The Fruits of Versailles

MR. LLOYD GEORGE recently dined with the American and British correspondents at Genoa and talked to them after dinner with reckless candor about the massive and stubborn dangers which threaten the peace of Europe. He compared Europe to a seething racial lava which was vainly seeking a stable level. From the Baltic to the Black Seas almost all the frontiers are in dispute. The Russian people are famished. The German people are angry (and aggrieved). In combination they include over two-thirds of the inhabitants of Europe. They are in revolt against the existing government of the continent which since the armistice has ignored their interests and inclinations. The Russo-German Treaty is the first warning of an inevitable rebellion, which if it is not checked will again bathe Europe in blood. He predicted that unless they can create a new political and moral atmosphere in Europe, another world war will certainly take place within the next twenty or thirty years.

His interpretation of the condition and prospects of Europe is substantially and comprehensively true. It is the interpretation which the New Republic has, since the signature of the Treaty of Versailles, steadily placed before its readers. The question is: what can Europeans and Americans who accept its truth do to avert the dangers; and the answer to this question will depend upon our diagnosis of their cause. The diagnosis which the New Republic has urged is simple and adequate. The Treaty of Versailles which was supposed to stabilize and pacify Europe is the chief cause of the existing distress and acts as a positive provocation to the racial, national and class conflicts which so disturb Mr. Lloyd George. In its issue of May 26th, 1920, one year after the publication of the Treaty, the New Republic said: "The association of governmental authority with the encouragement of conditions which make for political and social insecurity and anarchy is the essential and irremediable vice of the Treaty of Versailles. It creates as the chief instrument of international order in Europe a body of law which in the event either *of its execution* or *its revision* is certain to produce disorder." Until he accepts this diagnosis and derives his program of action from it, Mr. Lloyd George will talk in vain about European reconstruction. Notwithstanding his rare skill as a negotiator, the obviously dangerous consequences of refusing or postponing reconstruction and his own passionate sincerity, Mr. Lloyd George suffers as the reorganizer of Europe from a costly and perhaps disastrous handicap. He is one of the chief architects of the existing moral, political and legal superstructure of Europe. He is unwilling or unable to admit the necessity of beginning the reconstruction by tearing down the treacherous parts of the present building.

He is apparently undertaking an impossible task. He proposes to reorganize Europe without tampering with the Treaty of Versailles. He dreads the disorder, the confusion and the violence which would supervene whenever the many ugly questions which the Treaty was intended to settle are again tossed into the ring. He is particularly wary about committing himself to any course of action which might eventually force Great Britain to line up with Germany and Russia against France and the Little Entente. If he did move in such a direction, he probably would be repudiated by the Tory members of his own coalition. That is the chief reason why he is gallantly but vainly endeavoring to play it both ways. He is trying to protect Germany against the vengeance of France without doing anything to injure the ties with France which were forged during the common sufferings and perils of the war. He is trying to put an end to what he calls the reign of "brute force" in Europe without repudiating a Treaty whose necessary sanction is brute force. He is trying to prevent an ultimate alliance between Russia and Germany for the purpose of redressing the wrongs from which they have suffered during their enforced absence from the counsels of Europe without admitting to himself how many treaties must be broken and acts must be undone before these two great peoples can accept a position of equality and dignity in the European family of nations.

The two-fold task is, as we have declared, impossible. Yet some good may come from attempting it. The present moral and political predicament of Europe presents such an extraordinary combination of impossible but inevitable facts that Mr. Lloyd George may have to propose the impossible in order to fasten his grip on the throat of the evils which appear to be inevitable. The British Prime Minister does not look like a serpent, but he may consciously or unconsciously be acting on a serpent's wisdom. He may have calculated that as a part of the job of creating a new and better Europe than the one which was legalized by the Treaty of Versailles, he must first demonstrate the impossibility of reconstructing the political fabric without revising the Treaty. He may have calculated that if he could beguile the French government into entering a general reconstruction conference by acquiescing in conditions which rendered the reconstruction of Europe impossible, he was

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calling the attention of the world with irresistible effectiveness to the obstacles which French policy placed in the way of European appeasement. But no matter whether or not it was this kind of wisdom which prompted his behavior, his management of the Conference tends to produce the result which the serpent would seek. The proceedings at Genoa are rapidly demonstrating the necessity of doing away with the obstacles to some revision of the Versailles Treaty before starting the practical work of reorganizing Europe.

Yet if he accepts this conclusion with all its implications he may not shirk the admission of a disagreeable corollary. If it be true that the execution of the Treaty of Versailles has encouraged the increasing disintegration of Europe and is directly provocative of another general war, it is also true that Europe cannot undertake the revision of the Treaty without the risk and probably the occurrence of some initial disorder. It took the revolutions and the wars of 1848 to revise the Treaty of Vienna, and Europe must pay the same kind of price for this opportunity to repair the more gross and vindictive mistake of Versailles. But the twentieth century will settle with the documentary ghost of its past sins sooner than the nineteenth century settled with its burdensome scrap of paper. The beginning of a settlement may take place during the next few weeks. Before June 1st Europe will have to decide what action it proposes to take about the German default under the reparation clauses of the Treaty. In spite of M. Poincaré's speech, we doubt whether the French government will solicit the extreme unpopularity and isolation which it would earn by ordering the French army into Germany to collect the debt, but it will certainly ask a huge price for abstaining; and if it abstains it will cling even more vociferously to every claim and every "sanction" to which it is entitled under the Treaty. This policy of holding a threat of forcible disintegration over Germany without either using or abandoning the weapon is what Lloyd George means by the reign of brute force in Europe. It is the business of the Genoa Conference either to do away with the reign of terror by substituting its own authority for that of France and the Supreme Council or else deliberately and publicly to expose the policy of the present French government as the insuperable obstacle to European recovery and as the chief cause of European moral and political disintegration.

If the policy of France does suffer from a humiliating and a deliberate rebuke as a consequence of Mr. Lloyd George's leadership of the Genoa Conference, the Poincaré government will be sorely tempted to seek the restoration of French prestige by some military tour de force, and so to bring on between France and Germany a renewed state of war. But we are more than ever convinced that the occupation of the Ruhr Basin by France will prove to be a smaller evil than a continuation for another three years of the existing reign of violence. Sometimes the best or the only way to discredit a policy of violence is to encourage its expression and so to bring down upon its perpetrators the consequences of their own misbehavior. That seems to be the case at the present time with the policy of France towards Germany. The French government must apparently demonstrate the maleficence of its prevailing attitude about Germany before a sufficiently large proportion of the French people will understand how much of a mistake they are making. Until such a demonstration takes place a salutary revision of the Treaty of Versailles and the reconstruction of Europe is probably impossible. It is a terribly twisted and perverted state of mind which prevents the European peoples from foreseeing the destruction which lies at the end of their present slide down hill. As long as they are on the slide no mere jolt seems sufficient to unloosen the knots in their minds and arouse them to realize what is awaiting them. Probably there is nothing to do but to steer them off the slide and duck them helter skelter in the snow. Then if they survive they may sit up and look around.

The European Money Morass

REFORM of the European currencies has been laid on the table, so far as the Genoa Conference is concerned. The financial sub-commission reported in favor of monetary stabilization, in principle. But it found the time not ripe for action, and so referred the matter to a financial conference to be convened at a later date. Apparently the sub-committee did not even dare to bring forward a definite proposal of reform. According to the dispatches of Keynes to the World, it only "ventured to assert" that "considerable service will be rendered by that country which first decides boldly to set the example of securing immediate security in terms of gold." Such immediate security is to be had by most European states in only one way—by scaling down the nominal value of the currency. It is not clear from the press dispatches whether the sub-committee went so far as explicitly to recommend the scaling down or "devaluation." But that it did so by implication is indicated by the fact that the representatives of France, Italy and Belgium have declared

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that they will have nothing to do with devaluation, but mean to raise the value of their currencies to the old parity with gold.

Such is the declared policy of those three countries. Whether it is capable of realization is not so certain. What is perfectly certain is that for a large number of the nations represented at Genoa there can be no question at all of restoring the currency to its old parity. It now takes three or four million Russian rubles, thirteen hundred Austrian crowns, seven hundred Polish marks, three hundred German marks, or two hundred and fifty Jugoslav crowns to buy an American dollar. Every one of these nations has a huge volume of obligations, public and private, adjusted now to these desperately depreciated currency values. If it were financially possible to raise the currency to its old parity the result would be to ruin every private debtor and mortgage all the resources of the state to the government bondholders. Many persons have been ruined by the decline in the value of currency. Just as many more would be ruined by raising the value. And except in the infrequent case of those who still hold government bonds or private claims antedating the war, the beneficiaries of rising currency values would not be the same persons as those who suffered from the depreciation.

The economic life of those nations has already been subjected to all the strain it will stand. The additional strain of appreciation of currency values would be ruinous. It may be said that there is no immediate danger that appreciation will set in. But until it is made clear, once for all, that the rubles and marks and crowns will never resume their old values, there will be wild speculation in them and wide fluctuations in value. Instant and drastic devaluation is what the case urgently demands. And the simplest and least invidious method of settling the question is to stabilize these currencies, not in terms of gold, but in terms of purchasing power. Devaluation is repudiation in any event. It will produce great bitterness among those who have accumulated currency or government bonds in the expectation that the silent process of appreciation will bring them great wealth. Not nearly so much bitterness would be produced, however, by a law fixing the purchasing power of the currency at the present level and making appropriate arrangements to keep it there as by a law making the currency redeemable in gold at an insignificant fraction of its nominal value.

For the countries we have mentioned there is no escape from devaluation. The official recognition of the fact of devaluation may be delayed, to the continued disturbance of business relations. But sooner or later, devaluation must come. In the case of Czecho-Slovakia, Greece, Italy, Belgium and France, it is at least conceivable that the currency might be restored gradually to its old parity. That of Czecho-Slovakia is gravely depreciated. It is worth at present one tenth of its nominal value. The Italian currency is worth rather more than a quarter, the French and Belgian not far from half their nominal values. It will take a long time to raise these currencies to par, but so long as there is any chance of doing it, is it not worth while to assume that it will be done?

At best it would require many years to bring these currencies back to parity. All through those years the gradual appreciation of the currency would be felt as a tendency toward lower prices. Enterprise would be checked, employment precarious. The weight of indebtedness, private and public, would grow heavier and heavier. When the process was completed, Italy would be staggering under a burden of twenty billion dollars of gold debts; France, under forty or fifty billions. The essential function of the Italian and French governments would come to be that of squeezing money out of the taxpayers for the benefit of the bondholders. It requires no great power of imagination to forecast the inevitable decay of political institutions under such a regimen.

For France and Italy, Belgium and Czecho-Slovakia, as well as for Germany and Poland and Austria, devaluation offers the only possibility of a prompt return to economic health. In each case, devaluation in the form of fixing a new parity with gold would produce great bitterness and perhaps political disorders. In the form of the fixing of the purchasing power of the currency at the present level it would create relatively little difficulty. The French peasant is already used to a franc that buys less than one-third as much as it bought before the war. He is not used to a franc scaled down in terms of gold.

All Europe, practically, needs to go through the process of devaluation, and the sooner the better. That process will go on with least distress and disorder if it takes the form of fixing the relation of currency to commodity values, not to gold. And incidentally, a standard fixed in relation to commodity values would in the long run prove vastly superior to the gold standard. It would be more economical, and business and labor would thrive better under it. If the outcome of the present currency disorders is to be the establishment of standards of fixed purchasing power instead of metallic standards of fluctuating value, we need not regard the anarchic state of the exchanges as an altogether unmixed evil. They may give us in the end a more smoothly working economic machine than we have known before.

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China's Civil War

THE civil war now raging in China is but the fulfillment of the expected. It has been coming for two years. Every move in the tortuous course of Chinese politics has been made with it in view since 1920, when the last internal struggle took place. It comes as the liquidation of the anomalous situation left by that struggle; the situation, for that matter, left by the death of Yuan Shih-k'ai and, before that, by the establishment of the republic. The present war is in the line of natural progression in Chinese affairs since the overthrow of the Manchu dynasty and insofar as it may tend toward the setting up of a new political order to replace the monarchy is not altogether to be regretted.

The war turns on personalities rather than issues. There are no issues in China now. National government has existed only in name in recent years. Governance has been by momentum and the survival of the Chinese tradition of order, rather than by organs of administration. Power has been in the hands of military leaders, the younger men who survived Yuan Shih-k'ai, the last strong man and outstanding figure of the old régime. One by one these have been eliminated by successive civil wars until now there are left only two, Wu P'ei-fu and Chang Tso-lin. The fight now in progress is the inevitable struggle of those two for mastery. Somewhat outside the main arena and on a different plane, though equally involved, is a third contestant, Sun Yat-sen, for the time allied with Chang Tso-lin. In fact, the array of forces may be described as Wu P'ei-fu against an alliance of all the other political factions under the leadership of Chang Tso-lin.

In 1920 Tuan Chi-jui, who was next in line of succession to Yuan Shih-k'ai, was overthrown. Tuan was the head of what was known as the Anfu Club, which had wielded the power in Peking for two or three years, principally through Japanese support, being commonly considered as a Japanese instrument. After a short period of hostilities Tuan Chi-jui and his Anfu government were driven from Peking by a coalition of Wu P'ei-fu's and Chang Tso-lin's forces, an incongruous alliance because the two men had nothing in common but their hostility to Tuan Chi-jui. On the contrary, they were antagonistic on every possible question of policy and it was evident that there could be only a breathing spell until they were ready to fight it out for mastery. That time has come and they are now fighting.

Chang Tso-lin, a former brigand chief, has his stronghold in Manchuria, which is practically his fiefdom. He is an out-and-out militarist, a terrorist in method, a reactionary, with a scant sympathy for the republic or a democratic form of government, and with ambitions to dictatorship. Moreover, his relations with Japan are suspect, to say the least; the preponderance of evidence is in favor of the conclusion that he has an amicable understanding with the militarists of Tokio and their support.

Wu P'ei-fu has his stronghold in the Yangtsze provinces, in the centre of the country. He has in the last few years stood as the "people's champion" and still does, though his popularity has recently been diminished, more through mistakes than bad motives. At any rate, he has a liberal program, believes in constitutional government rather than government by military chieftains and has always resisted Japanese encroachment. His strength lies in his support by the intelligent non-partisan classes and his superior qualities of military leadership. His weakness is his poor political judgment and the hostility of almost all the old mandarinate, the latter fearing him because of his popularity and his sudden access of strength. Wu and Chang are almost evenly matched. Wu has the better army, most of his men being veterans who have been through campaigns before under his leadership. He is also the better strategist. Chang has better equipment and more money, but his troops are mostly old brigands who have seen little actual welfare and are of doubtful morale. There is nothing to choose between the positions of the two leaders. Each holds a railway commanding the strategic part of the country. Chang for the moment has Peking, but that is of no importance.

A third and complicating factor is Sun Yat-sen, head of the Southern government. A few months ago Sun concluded an alliance with Chang Tso-lin. Sun Yat-sen the ardent nationalist and extreme modernist allied with Chang Tso-lin the pro-Japanese and extreme reactionary is a combination incongruous indeed and outwardly damning for Sun Yat-sen, but the explanation is to be found in Sun's vanity and political ineptitude rather than in his defection from principle. He has been outmanoeuvred as usual and betrayed by his appetite for flattery. He made a similar blunder in 1920, when he contracted an alliance with the pro-Japanese Anfu Club against Wu P'ei-fu and Chang Tso-lin. Then Tuan Chi-jui, as Chang Tso-lin now, sought to divide his enemies. Tuan offered to recognize Sun Yat-sen as president of China in exchange for support in the expected struggle. Having won, he would have been in a position to flout Sun and defy him to leave his southern strong-

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hold, Canton; Tuan being, of course, a militarist and a reactionary. Chang has only repeated Tuan's tactics. Unable to face Wu P'ei-fu and Sun Yat-sen together, he has divided them by similarly promising to recognize Canton's supremacy. Though incredible, Sun apparently again has been taken in; incredible, because everything for which Chang's career shows he stands is diametrically opposed to Sun's principles. Having defeated Wu, his strongest opponent, with Sun's help, he would then crush Sun at leisure.

The result is serious for Wu P'ei-fu. Sandwiched in the centre between Chang in the north and Sun in the south, he has to hold a double front. The latest news cablegrams, however, leave in doubt the extent to which Sun Yat-sen is using his forces against Wu P'ei-fu. Chang Tso-lin's seizure of Peking apparently has given Sun pause; so also Chang's unpopularity throughout the country. Sun has lost prestige steadily of recent years among all but his old Cantonese followers. His bargain with Chang Tso-lin will cost him equally heavily, whether Chang wins or loses. Blinded by his vanity, his lust for the office of presidency and his unchanging adherence to his program of constitution and parliament which no longer meets the country's needs, he has again entrapped himself, and there is something pathetic in the spectacle of the man who inspired the founding of the republic now standing with the elements that prevent the republic from functioning. Whatever the outcome of the present fighting, however, China can only gain by the elimination of one or more of the military contenders for power and the approach to unification by that much.

The Rise of the "New" American

EARLY last winter, soon after the election of Mr. James M. Curley as Mayor of Boston the New Republic published a contribution written by three local observers which posed the question what under the circumstances was the matter with Boston. The series of articles which we are now printing by Mr. Bruce Bliven is a modest attempt to answer this question. Mr. Bliven undertook to write them not only because the existing social and political condition of Boston exhibits peculiarities of the utmost intrinsic interest but also because copies of it are becoming increasingly conspicuous and prevalent in many different parts of the United States. The large American cities are ceasing to be communities in any but a geographical sense. Their inhabitants are divided one from another by something subtler than the cleavage of class which is common to all modern industrial populations. The class chasm is in their case still further widened by difference of racial origin, cultural outlook and social tradition. They do not communicate with one another. Even when they all speak the English language they either live upon different catchwords and symbols or attach different meanings to the same shibboleths.

At the time the New Republic originally asked the question as to what was the matter with Boston, we received a letter from an anonymous correspondent proposing an answer which deserves some consideration—"Your three local observers," the correspondent suggested, "have given a correct diagnosis so far as it goes, but they have failed to connect their observations with the more fundamental problem of race assimilation and the entire future of the heretofore dominant Anglo-Saxon culture in the United States. What has happened to Boston is only a symptom of the searching examination to which the social structure of the Puritans is now being subjected by our newer Americans. It is only a forerunner of what is going to happen to very many American cities in the next fifty years. New York has its Hylan, Chicago has its Thompson, and Boston its Curley. As soon as Buffalo, Cleveland, Detroit, St. Louis, San Francisco, Seattle and the rest are governed by their Hylans, Thompsons and Curleys, we shall witness a change in the American ruling classes which will not be wholly gratifying to the descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers."

"For the last generation at least," our correspondent, who calls himself or herself "Veritas", adds, "the European populations which have emigrated to these shores have met with a severe disillusionment. The melting pot has achieved a surface amalgamation, but the inheritance of a thousand years of Europe has not fused in the Puritanical medium nor will it fuse for a long time to come. And by the time the new ingredients in our crucible are reduced to a homogeneous mass the representatives of the 'old' culture will find their own standards and their influence much modified. There are thousands, even millions, of 'new' Americans who do not accept the Puritan culture and who cannot be persuaded that it is superior or even equal to the culture they have left. When these people make up their minds to challenge the prevailing standards as exemplified by Big Business, the United States Senate, the Supreme Court, the party politicians and the administrative and welfare experts, and when they see a chance to deal it a heavy blow as they did last fall in Boston and New York, they certainly will rise to the occasion. They *do* feel that they are being manipulated, that they are having pap ladled out to them which they

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are expected to swallow without question. They *do* feel that thousands of well-meaning people who elevate themselves by social and civic work in the tenements are simply the agents of a selfish culture which the class in power seek to protect, regardless of social justice and of loyalty to announced principles. And having been brought up for the most part in the atmosphere of an older, more discriminating if less flexible system, they are acutely conscious of the incongruities and hypocrisies which the American of the older stock blindly ignores. So you may expect many more Hylans and Curleys, in the choice of whom economics will play a very small part but racial and cultural pride a very large one."

This diagnosis properly qualified and interpreted contains an important and neglected truth. During the last five or six years Americans who are interested in the problem of race assimilation have concentrated their attention too exclusively upon the groups of foreign labor which have accumulated wherever industry demanded the performance of rough unskilled work and whose members speak a different language and live in a different world from their English-speaking fellow citizens. Immigrants of this kind have come to this country in such huge numbers during the last twenty years that the American social and economic system has not digested them as quickly as it did the earlier immigrants; and as most of them belong to the poorer and more exploited class of wage-earners, these unleavened lumps do present from the point of view of traditional Americanism an extremely serious problem. But it is not the only social and political problem, resulting from immigration, which deserves the attention of the surviving representatives of the older stock. In almost all the older American cities political power is to an increasing extent passing into the hands of immigrants or the children of immigrants who are partly assimilated economically but who socially have remained alien or have become nondescript half-breeds. It is this people and their representatives who are seizing power in New York, Chicago and Boston and who use it in a manner extremely distasteful to Americans of the older stock.

"Veritas" errs, we think, in stating or implying that these later immigrants cling under American conditions to the inheritance of a "thousand years of Europe." On the contrary, they abandon their cultural inheritance with astonishing facility and celerity. They acquire almost always in one generation and often sooner the slang, the moral outlook, and the superficially characteristic behavior of the most modern America—the America of movies, headlines and headliners, national fashions and the Hearst newspapers. They are Americanized in the sense that they have yielded to the seductive importunities of popular American occupations, interests and catchwords, but they are entirely indifferent or actually antagonistic to the most revered household gods of traditional America. They are impatient with its moralism, its affectations, its pretences, its scruples, its legalism and with the whole of what Mr. George Santayana has so aptly described as the genteel tradition. Whenever they get a chance to show their distrust of the political and social leadership of the older American stock, they do so with increasing unanimity and goodwill. After the municipal election in New York last fall we heard of one club practically all the members of which voted for Curran and all the employees for Hylan. The cleavage was complete between upstairs and downstairs; but it was not primarily economic. The employees were not in the socialist sense class-conscious. The great majority of them were trying to climb the ladder of conventional success. But they had become keenly conscious of an assumption on the part of the older stock that it owned the country. The new Americans were aware that the old stock did not wish them to dispute its leadership, or to ruffle the smooth perfection of its traditions or vulgarly to interfere with its plans for their social and political betterment. They resented this attitude and they showed their resentment unequivocally and effectively. They will, as our correspondent predicts, keep on showing it in the future more frequently and more generally than they have in the past. These upstart half-breed Americans seem destined to rule the larger American cities for many years in spite of the discomfiture, the dismay and the ineffectual protests of the former ruling class.

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The American Intellectual Frontier

THE campaign of William Jennings Bryan against science and in favor of obscurantism and intolerance is worthy of serious study. It demands more than the mingled amusement and irritation which it directly evokes. In its success (and it is meeting with success) it raises fundamental questions about the quality of our democracy. It helps us understand the absence of intellectual radicalism in the United States and the present eclipse of social and political liberalism. It aids, abets and gives comfort to the thoroughgoing critics of any democracy. It gives point to the assertion of our Menckens that democracy by nature puts a premium on mediocrity, the very thing in human nature that least stands in need of any extraneous assistance.

For Mr. Bryan is a typical democratic figure. There is no gainsaying that proposition. Economically and politically he has stood for and with the masses, not radically but "progressively." The most ordinary justice to him demands that his usefulness in revolt against privilege and his rôle as a leader in the late progressive movement—late in every sense of the word, including deceased—be recognized. His leadership in antagonism to free scientific research and to popular dissemination of its results cannot therefore be laughed away as a personal idiosyncracy. There is a genuine and effective connection between the political and the doctrinal directions of his activity, and between the popular responses they call out.

What we call the middle classes are for the most part the church-going classes, those who have come under the influence of evangelical Christianity. These persons form the backbone of philanthropic social interest, of social reform through political action, of pacifism, of popular education. They embody and express the spirit of kindly goodwill toward classes which are at an economic disadvantage and toward other nations, especially when the latter show any disposition toward a republican form of government. The "Middle West," the prairie country, has been the centre of active social philanthropies and political progressivism because it is the chief home of this folk. Fairly well to do, enough so at least to be ambitious and to be sensitive to restrictions imposed by railway and financial corporations, believing in education and better opportunities for its own children, mildly interested in "culture," it has formed the solid element in our diffuse national life and heterogeneous populations. It has been the element responsive to appeals for the square deal and more nearly equal opportunities for all, as it has understood equality of opportunity. It followed Lincoln in the abolition of slavery, and it followed Roosevelt in his denunciation of "bad" corporations and aggregations of wealth. It also followed Roosevelt or led him in its distinctions between "on the one hand and on the other hand." It has been the middle in every sense of the word and in every movement. Like every mean it has held things together and given unity and stability of movement.

It has never had an interest in ideas as ideas, nor in science and art for what they may do in liberating and elevating the human spirit. Science and art as far as they refine and polish life, afford "culture," mark stations on an upward social road, and have direct useful social applications, yes: but as emancipations, as radical guides to life, no. There is nothing recondite or mysterious or sinister or adverse to a reputable estimate of human nature in the causes of this state of mind. Historians of thought point out the difference between the fortunes of the new ideas of science and philosophy in the eighteenth century in England and France. In the former, they were accommodated, partially absorbed; they permeated far enough to lose their own inherent quality. Institutions were more or less liberalized, but the ideas were lost in the process. In France, the opposition was entrenched in powerful and inelastic institutions. The ideas were clarified and stripped to fighting weight. They had to fight to live, and they became weapons. What happened in England happened in America only on a larger scale and to greater depths. The net result is social and political liberalism combined with intellectual illiberality. Of the result Mr. Bryan is an outstanding symbol.

The fathers of our country belonged to an intellectual aristocracy; they shared in the intellectual enlightenment of the eighteenth century. Franklin, Jefferson, John Adams, in their beliefs and ideas were men of the world, especially of the contemporary French world. Their free-thinking ideas did not prevent their being leaders. A generation later and it is doubtful if one of them could have been elected town selectman, much less have become a powerful political figure. When Mr. Taft was a candidate for President, a professor of modern languages in a southern college was dismissed from his position because he remarked to a friend in private conversation that he did not think that the fact that Mr. Taft was a Unitarian neces-

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sarily disqualified him for service as President. The incident is typical of the change wrought in a century, a change which became effective, however, quite early in the century. There are histories of the United States written from almost every point of view; but the social and political consequences of the popular evangelical movement which began in the early years of the nineteenth century do not seem to have received the attention they deserve. A large part of what is attacked under the name of Puritanism has next to nothing to do with historic Puritanism and almost everything to do with that second "Great Awakening" which began in the border, southern and western frontier states in the first decade of the last century.

It is not without significance that Andrew Jackson, the first "church-going" President, was also the first political representative of the democratic frontier, the man who marks the change of the earlier aristocratic republic into a democratic republic. The dislike of privilege extended itself to fear of the highly educated and the expert. The tradition of higher education for the clergy was surrendered in the popular denominations. Religion was popularized, and thought, especially free-thought which impinged adversely upon popular moral conceptions, became unpopular, too unpopular to consist with political success. It was almost an accident that even Lincoln could be elected President. Nominal tribute, at least, has had to be paid to the beliefs of the masses. When popular education was extended and colleges and "universities" were scattered towards the frontier, denominational agencies alone had sufficient social zeal to take part. When state universities were founded they were open to the suspicion of ungodliness; and generally protected themselves by some degree of conformity to the expectations imposed by the intellectual prejudices of the masses. They could go much further than denominational colleges, but they could not go so far as to cultivate the free spirit. There were reserves, reticences and accommodations.

The churches performed an inestimable social function in frontier expansion. They were the rallying points not only of respectability but of decency and order in the midst of a rough and turbulent population. They were the representatives of social neighborliness and all the higher interests of the communities. The tradition persisted after the incoming of better schools, libraries, clubs, musical organizations and the other agencies of "culture." There are still thousands of communities throughout the country where the church building is the natural meeting-house for every gathering except a "show." The intensity of evangelical life toned down, and the asperities of dogmatic creeds softened. But the association of the church with the moral and the more elevated social interests of the community remained. The indirect power of the church over thought and expression increased as its direct power waned. The more people stopped going to church, the more important it became to maintain the standards for which the church stood. As the frontier ceased to be a menace to orderly life, it persisted as a limit beyond which it was dangerous and unrespectable for thought to travel.

What the frontier was to western expansion, slavery was for the South. After a period of genuine liberalism among the southern clergy, the church became largely a bulwark of support to the peculiar institution, especially as the battle took a sectional form. The gentry became at least nominally attached to the church in the degree in which clericalism attached itself to the support of slavery. The church was a natural outlet and consolation for the poor whites. It was upon the whole the most democratic institution within their horizon. It is notorious that the most reactionary theological tendencies have their home in the South. The churches there can thank God that they at least have not contaminated their theology with dangerous concessions to modern thought. In the South the movements to withhold public funds from public educational institutions which permit the teaching of evolution have their greatest success.

Mr. Bryan can have at best only a temporary triumph, a succés d'estime, in his efforts to hold back biological inquiry and teaching. It is not in this particular field that he is significant. But his appeals and his endeavors are a symptom and a symbol of the forces which are most powerful in holding down the intellectual level of American life. He does not represent the frontier democracy of Jackson's day. But he represents it toned down and cultivated as it exists in fairly prosperous villages and small towns that have inherited the fear of whatever threatens the security and order of a precariously attained civilization, along with pioneer impulses to neighborliness and decency. Attachment to stability and homogeneity of thought and belief seem essential in the midst of practical heterogeneity, rush and unsettlement. We are not Puritans in our intellectual heritage, but we are evangelical because of our fear of ourselves and of our latent frontier disorderliness. The depressing effect upon the free life of inquiry and criticism is the greater because of the element of soundness in frontier fear, and because of the impulses of goodwill and social aspiration which have become

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entangled with its creeds. The forces which are embodied in the present crusade would not be so dangerous were they not bound up with so much that is necessary and good. We have been so taught to respect the beliefs of our neighbors that few will respect the beliefs of a neighbor when they depart from forms which have become associated with aspiration for a decent neighborly life. This is the illiberalism which is deep-rooted in our liberalism. No account of the decay of the idealism of the progressive movement in politics or of the failure to develop an intelligent and enduring idealism out of the emotional fervor of the war, is adequate unless it reckons with this fixed limit to thought. No future liberal movement, when active liberalism revives, will be permanent unless it goes deep enough to affect it. Otherwise we shall have in the future what we have had in the past, revivalists like Bryan, Roosevelt and Wilson, movements which embody moral emotions rather than the insight and policy of intelligence.

JOHN DEWEY.

From a Miner's Wife

BOB is out of work again. Since August, 1920, when he left the army, up to now, April, 1922, he has worked only about nine months in all. Of these nine months only three have been consecutive. It is not Bob's fault. He is a real worker and he has done his best, but conditions have been against us as they have against thousands more. This, however, is not a wail nor a diatribe nor an indictment. It is simply a statement of how the situation in the mining districts looks to me and to thousands of women like me. The world at large hears from the working girls and the college girls and the business girls, but we married women whose husbands work with their hands are for the most part as dumb as a kitchen cabinet, when it comes to telling the world, though we tell it to our husbands as often as any other social group. Our silence is not because we do not feel deeply on all questions affecting labor, but because as a rule we have neither time nor ability to express what we feel.

In this little article I want to try to make some of the public, whose opinion will in the end decide the strike for or against us, understand how we women tucked away in the little houses lining the railroad tracks look at this matter of the strike.

Maybe you who read this article have seen the house we live in. I am using ourselves as an example throughout because we are an absolutely typical mining family.—It lies between two railroad tracks and from my bed I can see the long strings of passenger coaches go by to Chicago, Buffalo or Cleveland. If you will look out of the coach window at the right instant, you will see near the "slope" mouth a shabby frame house two stories high. In its six rooms live three families. Mr. and Mrs. Poleski occupy the back; Mr. and Mrs. Smith and "Sister" occupy the front and two rooms upstairs, and Bob, little Mr. Baby and I occupy the last. Did you ever try cooking, eating and sleeping all in the same room? It palls after a while, especially when the weather begins to get warm. Besides it is none too healthy for little Mr. Baby. Yet he flourishes and is so cheerful that Bob and I envy his nonchalance. We consider ourselves to be living in pretty close quarters, but behind us is a house only slightly larger than ours where dwell a couple with six children and six boarders—a state of affairs which is the rule rather than the exception. This overcrowding is, however, not entirely due to poverty but partly to the same lack of houses which exists in larger and wealthier communities than this little camp. But if your verdict goes against us and the operators win, this crowding will not only continue but increase. We will all slide back again into that poverty from which we are just beginning to emerge.

Some of us, indeed, will be worse off than before, since we are paying for various articles purchased on the instalment plan and a cut in wages will involve either a forfeiting of the goods and all the money that has hitherto been paid out, or an intolerable squeeze in an effort to meet the instalments. Possibly the ones who have contracted those debts have been unwise, but those of you who have longed for years for pretty things, comforts or conveniences and then have suddenly seen the possibility of that longing being fulfilled will sympathize rather than condemn.

And, after all, have we not a right to electric irons, decent beds and even victrolas? Occasionally we see or hear quoted against us, as if it was somewhat to our discredit, the fact that a good many of us own good furniture and pretty clothes. Ought we, whose husbands simply "do the work for which they draw the wage," to be contented with mouth organs for the children, pine chairs for our husbands when they come home at night and calico gowns for ourselves? To us it seems that the men who daily risk their lives to provide for their families have a right to furnish them with the best their toil can buy.

How difficult and disagreeable, as well as dangerous our hubands' toil is, few outsiders can realize. Even the information given in many articles

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published in well-known magazines is directly contradicted by my own experience of life in the coal fields. For instance:

In a recent number of the most influential weekly in America a special writer in an article on the coal situation made two or three glaringly inaccurate statements. For one thing, he described coal-mining as "less arduous than farm work or similar labor." Bob and I have had considerable experience on a farm as well as in mining and with all due respect to the gentleman who may have believed what he said, I feel sure that he must have done most of his mining in an automobile being whirled from camp to camp.

At all events, he had not worked for eight hours underground in an atmosphere so charged with dynamite smoke that his eyes smarted and his lungs choked and clogged until at last he rolled senseless from the chamber to the gangway, as Bob and his miner have done more than once. Nor had he spent eight hours in shifting coal in a chamber so low that he was unable to stand upright and so perverse in its general outline that he was forced to swing his shovel from between his legs. Nor had he worked for eight hours in a gangway where water dripped from the ceiling down his back and splashed over the tops of his boots every time he moved. Nor had he spent eight hours in boring seven and eight foot holes through sulphur so hard that it turned and broke the point of the drill. If he had spent any hours at all in any of the foregoing ways, he would not speak of mining as less arduous than any work on earth unless, perhaps, stoking which is done only in four hour shifts.

That coal-workers receive good wages under the present scale I admit; that they receive high, I deny. This brings me to our writer's second error.

The *common laborer* in the mines does *not* receive from $6.50 to $7.00 a day, as the gentleman inaccurately stated (and when he made this statement he was speaking of the mines near Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, from which region I am writing). At the most the *common laborer* receives $5.97, for which he undergoes any or all of the above mentioned disagreeables. At the least he receives $4.20, for which he performs work possibly less arduous but certainly more disagreeable than farm work which is carried on in daylight, in the good fresh air (and you must have worked in a mine before you can realize the true inwardness of that saying) and is infinitely less monotonous. The miner who, properly speaking, is not a laborer at all, since his work comes under the head of a trade, averages from $6.50 to $7.50 a day.

To you these wages may seem very good indeed, especially the miners', but out of them the men have to pay for their own tools, carbide and lamp, all of which are considerable items. The miner has further to buy his own fuses, powder and caps. Powder costs $3.00 a box and here in the anthracite region a box never lasts more than three days at the most and frequently not more than one. Thus the powder alone makes a considerable cut in a wage which to us does not seem too high when you consider that the miner is a skilled and responsible workman. Before he can take out his mining papers he must have worked two years as a laborer. It is his duty to go first into the chamber to make sure that no gas has accumulated and to see the props are all right. It is his place to load the caps and to fire the shots. Carelessness on his part may result fatally to hundreds of other men.

This point, the danger in mining, the writer who compares mining to farming so disadvantageously to the latter does not at all take into account—nor indeed does any writer whose sympathy is with the operators. It seems strange to us wives, who live in daily dread lest the husbands who leave us in the morning may not return at night, that in all these wage discussions so little is made of the danger of the trade. For that danger is omnipresent and eternal. It is true that farmers are occasionally struck by lightning or kicked by cows, but it is most certainly safe to say that for every farmer who is killed or even seriously injured in pursuit of his occupation at least five hundred miners come by their quittance.

Of course, nine out of every ten mining accidents are caused by the men's own gross neglect of mine regulations. If the regulations were all strictly obeyed mine accidents would be reduced ninety per-cent, but there are fortunately few trades where carelessness is attended with such fatal results not only to the careless worker but to a number of others. It makes no difference to Mrs. Kelly and her six small children whether Pat was killed by a totally fortuitous fall of rock from the roof; whether he met his end through Anton Dubowsky's deliberately disobeying rules by prematurely investigating a "hung-shot," or whether it came about because nobody had informed Anton that hung-shots are temperamental and must not be investigated until the next day. Whatever the cause, the fact remains that Pat is now dead, whereas had he remained on the arduous farm instead of luxuriating in water, dynamite smoke, etc., he might now be alive.

That so large a part of the risk is caused by human carelessness ought by no means to obviate

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the necessity of taking that risk into account when it comes to a matter of wages. As long as human nature remains imperfect, carelessness will be one of its principal imperfections and the danger therefrom must be as definitely taken into account as the danger from gas and water.

There is one more point to be taken into consideration. Notwithstanding the fact that the writer to whom I have referred before seems to have gained the idea that mining is a popular trade and that the men who work in the mines do so because they prefer mining to any other form of labor, I venture to assert the opposite. Mining is not a popular trade. Nearly all the men have taken to it because the wages are comparatively good, and they are anxious to give their wives as much comfort as they can and their children a better chance than they themselves have had. I do not for one instant suppose that if wages were cut to anywhere near the present farm wage any men who could find anything else to do would stick to mining. Why in the world should they? Why should men work day after day in inky darkness, drenched with water, suffocated by dynamite smoke, cramped by low roofs when they could earn the same amount of money above ground at work where they could move and breathe freely and safely? Surely they would be crazy if they did stick to the mines.

The miners do not complain of the conditions under which they work nor are the operators to blame for such conditions. Those things are from the nature of the work inevitable and the miners realize it and bear no grudge. They do most firmly feel, however, that the men who endure such discomfort are entitled to a *good* wage, a wage which will enable them to live decently when they are outside the mines; which will give them a chance to save up for their old age, if they live to an old age, and which will provide for their families if they do not.

It is said that we will really be better off if wages are cut. We do not know. We do know that at the present wage our husbands' moderate ambitions are obtainable; that at a lesser wage they are not, and so we rebel against a lower wage.

As I said before, the ultimate decision rests in the hands of you, the public. Ladies and Gentlemen of the jury, how find you? For or against us, the plaintiffs?

And in the meantime, while we are waiting for the verdict, Bob is having more trouble than before in finding a job.

BEATRICE CAREW.

Boston

III. What Have the Irish Done?

THE Boston Irish, being called to the stand to testify in the John Doe inquiry into the state of their city's moral health, do depose and say: That whatever has happened to Boston lately, they are not to blame. Let us proceed to cross-examination.

That a good deal *has* happened, everyone is now aware. There is, item, the police strike; item, the Ponzi get-rich-quick adventure; item, the roadhouse scandals of which the motion picture men's famous party was the most odorous; item, the "graft ring" which centred in the offices of the two district attorneys who have since been removed for mis-, mal- and non-feasance; item, the little matter of the state legislature members and the Boston Elevated stock; item, the municipal election which returned a man with a prison record to the mayor's chair in spite of the united opposition of the Good Government forces and their not-so-good allies. A formidable list for any American city; a staggering one for Boston, when you remember the type of civic and personal morality for which New England has always stood. For our civilization is still shaped in large part by the stern ideas of pitiless goodness inculcated in the Yankee by the combination of Anglo-Saxon blood, pioneer environment and Massachusetts seacoast climate.

The Irish today unquestionably dominate the political scene in Boston. This is partly due to a geographical accident; the city as a political unit does not include the surrounding suburbs in which more than half the residents of the urban area dwell. It is mostly the prosperous Yankees who have moved out to these suburbs and lost their vote; the Irish, being poorer, have stayed in town. (Incidentally, this gives Boston a peculiar problem in taxation; she must secure from the less wealthy half of her actual population money enough to conduct all sorts of enterprises which are made vastly more expensive by the fact that she is surrounded by contiguous urban territory.)

This is not the place for an elaborate disserta-

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tion on the political genius of the Irish people. Even if one wished to discuss it, adequate data for generalization are lacking; Ireland has been an occupied country for so many centuries that the record of her achievements in self-government has been quite obliterated. We can learn most about the Kelt as civic administrator from studying his record in America, (without, of course, pretending that the racial factors are all, the environmental nothing—which is far from true). I think everyone will admit that in small things he is inefficient through carelessness, while on vital matters doggedly persistent in getting done what he believes is necessary. He is romantic and deals in terms of personalities; the history of Ireland shows how an attractive leader can pull him off the path of the fixed idea. Convince him that your heart is right and he will forgive almost anything as to your head (vide Mayor Hylan in New York). His recognition of the claims of blood kinship amounts to a passion —as it naturally would in the members of a race which has been inundated by invasion for centuries. He is honest in important affairs, and yields to temptation in small ones rather more easily than does, for instance, the Scotch Presbyterian who has to bear the burden of his conscience all alone, unaided by that marvelous spiritual device, the Roman Catholic confessional. He has little instinctive impulse toward cleanliness, order, discipline, regimentation of any sort. Insofar as he controls any American municipality (and this is no more true in Boston than elsewhere) his administration is casual, easy-going, not greatly excited about sanitation and all such, on the whole rather expensive because the payrolls are padded with his brothers and his uncles and his friends. He seems to be lacking in constructive municipal imagination; rarely do we get from him grandiose projects in city planning, civic centres, auditoriums, and the like.

We must also remember that every Irishman who came to this country during the nineteenth century had in some degree the psychology of the man who runs away from his house while it is on fire. True, the foot of the conqueror was on Ireland's neck; she had more sons and daughters than in such tortured circumstances she could feed; and those who came to America were subsequently of the utmost assistance in aiding the fight for freedom. Yet, the iron must enter the soul of every man who turns his back on the fight. (Since 1916, more than one would-be emigrant has been halted at the docks by Sinn Fein; Michael Collins, it is interesting to remember, once had his passage paid for and left the ship at the last moment to stay and fight it out.)

Perhaps this factor accounted for the failure of so many early Irish immigrants to do well in this country. Says de Crevecœur *, in his Letters From an American Farmer:

> Out of twelve families of emigrants of each country, generally seven Scotch will succeed, nine German and four Irish. . . . The Irish do not prosper so well; they love to drink and to quarrel; they are litigious, and soon take to the gun, which is the ruin of everything; they seem, beside, to labor under a greater degree of ignorance in husbandry than the others; perhaps it is that their industry had less scope, and was less exercised at home.

It is, of course, a speculation of which too much should not be made; yet it seems to me that one cannot understand the relation of our first generation Irish immigrants to municipal politics without a backward glance at their thwarted attempts at political expression at home.

The greater part of the Irish immigration to Boston has been within the past hundred years, beginning in approximately 1820, rising to its peak in the decades following the Civil War and dwindling away virtually to nothing in the first years of the twentieth century. The selection of the city seems to have been more or less accidental; the first invaders met a hearty reception, taking the places of Yankees at the hardest forms of manual labor (and subsequently being replaced in turn by the Italians). The expanding fortunes of New England after the War of 1812 made labor scarce, and especially as the Yankee lad usually turned his eyes to a career at sea, on clipper ship or whaler. The first Irish immigrants saved their money and sent for their friends, in the familiar endless chain. Most of these early immigrants were city-bred, driven out of their homes by dreadful economic pressure. The abortive revolution of 1798, with its accompanying merciless ravage of the countryside, was part of their memory. So was the suicide (under sentence of death) of Wolfe Tone, in the same year and the hanging of Robert Emmet in 1803. The hardships produced in the thirties by the land and tithing system sent thousands to America, as did the famine of 1846-49.

In general, the Irish in Boston have managed to get along well enough with their Anglo-Saxon neighbors for the past hundred years, despite religious quarrels and other sources of racial friction. There was, to be sure, the burning of an Irish Catholic convent ninety years ago, the act of a mob which got its first impulse, apparently, from one of those sensational "revelations" regarding

* Quoted by Francis Hackett, The Story of the Irish Nation (p. 195).

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monastery or nunnery conditions, which make their appearance from time to time. The Irish have never forgotten that convent-burning. I am told that the incident was used in all seriousness in a political campaign in 1910.

Such happenings as this, however, were extraordinarily infrequent. The battle between Irishman and Yankee has in general been a good-humored and lawful fight. There is a notion abroad in Boston that the quarrel was much more bitterly conducted a generation or so ago than today, and I have no doubt this is at least partially true. All America took its politics with more desperate earnestness forty years ago.

How many Irish are there in Boston? It is rather significant, I think, that the average Yankee exaggerates their numbers greatly. "About three-quarters of the total population," is his usual guess, which is probably much too high. It may be worth while to pause for a moment and observe a cross-section of the racial groups represented in the population. In 1910 the United States contained about 32,000,000 persons of "foreign white stock" (born abroad, or the children of foreign father or mother or both). Of the 32,000,000, 25.1 percent were Germans, 14 percent Irish, 8.6 percent Canadian, 8.5 percent Russians and Finns. Of the total population of the country Germans were 9 percent, Irish 4.9 percent, Canadians 3 percent, Russians and Finns 2.8 percent. Less than half the "foreign white stock" or 41.4 percent consisted of persons born abroad.

While the Irish are but 14 percent of the foreign stock in the whole United States, they are 35.7 percent of it in Boston. The census Bureau in 1910 counted 177,631—a figure far below the reality, since it excludes the thousands of grandchildren, great-grandchildren and collateral descendants included in the city's total population of 750,000. However, even the Census Bureau's too-low percentage is the highest in the United States. As against Boston's 35.7, the Irish are 28.3 percent of the "foreign white stock" in Philadelphia, 27.8 in Washington, 23.5 in San Francisco, 12.1 in Chicago, 9.5 in Los Angeles, 6.7 in Minneapolis.

Incidentally, my statement that Irish immigration to the United States is a closed book, is supported by the Census Bureau. Between 1900 and 1910 there was a decrease in the number of representatives here of only two countries in the world. One of these was Wales, with the comparatively insignificant reduction of 4,000. The other was the Irish, who decreased by 322,000, in the same period of time. More than two-thirds of this number, or 263,000, was in the group of immigrants, the remainder being among immigrants' children.

In an earlier article in this series I noted the fact that while the Irish control the politics in Boston, the sons of the Yankees still control the banks and most of the big industrial enterprises. They also control "society," and keep its portals jealously closed against the Kelt. While I found plenty of Yankees to bewail the dominance of the Irishman in politics, it was amazingly hard to draw from the latter any complaint against the maintenance of the Yankees' social and financial hierarchy.

The Irishman literally fulfills Lissauer's bombastic phrase. He has one foe and one alone: England. The preoccupation with the ancient enemy even to this day prevents his producing a rancor equal to the Yankee's. The famed Irish pugnacity (which, I suppose, Louis Berman would attribute to excess adrenal secretion, and Ellsworth Huntington to the damp climate of Ireland) seems to me more a mannerism than a reality in Boston. One representative of the race after another would admit the situation to be as I described it but he remained incorrigibly cheerful about it. I have already suggested that the failure of the Irish to take any larger measure of financial control is as much temperamental indifference as it is organized Yankee hostility. Probably every suppressed nationality takes on some of the mental characteristics of an only child. If a test on this basis is fair, the Yankee is the submerged minority in Boston today, in spite of continued control of banks, society, much of the educational system (including Harvard) and the State Legislature.

It would be ridiculous to assume, of course, that the Irishman suffers a conscious lack either of banking facilities or of social organization. As to the first, he is welcome as a depositor, though not permitted (there are a few conspicuous exceptions) to become a director. He has developed an elaborate social life of his own, centring in large part about the Roman Catholic Church and the parochial school system. The situation in this regard is not unique; it is duplicated in every other city.

Since the Irishman yields the banks and high society without a struggle, the clash between the races is confined to the political field, where the Yankee continues to fight with vigor and persistence. We can come closer to answering the question with which we began—Is the Irishman to blame for the deterioration of Boston?—by an examination of the political scene than in any other way. However, it is a long story and must be discussed in a separate article.

BRUCE BLIVEN.

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The Struggle Over Educational "Economy" in England

ONE of the revelations of the recent campaign for a reduction in public expenditure has come as a surprise to most politicians and to the greater part of the press. It is the existence among considerable sections of the English population of a quite new attitude towards questions of public education. During the war and for twelve months after the armistice educational reform formed part of the government's much advertised program—blessed phrase, what a remote past it evokes!—of social reconstruction. The last first class educational measure had been passed in 1902. In 1917 Mr. Fisher was summoned, with general applause, from Oxford to the Board of Education. And in the following year legislation was passed which considerably enlarged the power of Local Education Authorities (the country and borough councils responsible for education and other parts of local government), imposed on them the duty of submitting to the Board of Education schemes of development covering the whole range of education from nursery schools to universities, declared that no child was to be debarred from receiving higher education through inability to pay fees and foreshadowed an enlarged system of maintenance allowances, and, in particular, aimed at strengthening the weakest part of the English educational system—the lamentable neglect of the adolescent, by many part time attendance and continuation schools obligatory on all boys and girls between fourteen and sixteen not otherwise being educated. A public pension system was established for teachers, and machinery was subsequently set up for revising and systematizing scales of salaries, which, after somewhat protracted negotiations, secured them a substantial advance.

To pass an Education act is one thing; to get the administrative wheels all revolving smoothly is another. Some time necessarily elapsed before Local Education Authorities were in a position to submit to the Board their schemes of development. In the interval the optimism of 1918 and 1919 was succeeded by pessimism. As the financial situation grew darker, the interests, mostly connected with "Big Business," which had been opposed to the Act of 1918 as likely to diminish the supply of juvenile labor, renewed their protests with an appeal to the urgent need of public economy. At a conference of the Federation of British Industries,—the most representative organization of British employers—at the end of 1920, strong words were said as to the necessity of postponing new educational developments. In the same month the Select Committee of the House of Commons on National Expenditure issued an extremely adverse—and incidentally somewhat inaccurate—report on the subject. The Board of Education took alarm and began to press Local Authorities to economize on education. In the summer of 1921 the government, by way of appeasing criticism and at the same time escaping the invidious responsibility of itself proposing drastic reductions in expenditure, took the unusual step of referring the subject to a committee composed of five well-known business men, chiefly concerned in the railway and shipping industries—with instructions to make recommendations to the Chancellor of the Exchequer "for effecting all possible reduction in the national expenditure, having regard especially to the present and prospective position of the revenue." Education was one of the first public services to come under the Committee's review.

Briefly, it proposed a reduction of approximately twenty percent in educational expenditure to be achieved by a series of changes which would not only have postponed indefinitely the bringing into full operation of the Act of 1918 but have made deep inroads even upon the pre-war system. The cost of primary education was to be reduced by excluding from school children under the age of six (in England attendance is compulsory from five onwards), by increasing the size of classes from an average of thirty-two children per teacher to an average of fifty, and by cutting down certain special services, such as medical inspection and treatment. To save money on secondary education, fees—in England nearly all public secondary schools charge fees—were to be increased, and the "free places," which they are required to provide for a proportion of children passing from the primary schools, were to be eliminated. The system of state scholarships to the universities recently established was to be abolished, and the grants made by the Treasury to the universities were to be reduced. The proposals (of which these are only specimens) were pointed with phrases such as the remark that "children whose mental capabilities do not justify higher education are receiving it" and the complaint that higher education is provided "below actual cost," which seemed to imply an objection not only to the present scale of educational expenditure, but to any policy which had as its object the diminution of educational inequalities.

If the impressions of a visitor to America may be trusted, England is still a considerable way behind many parts of the United States in the public esteem with which education is regarded, and all this may well seem to a foreign observer a rather distressing piece of barbarism on the part of a nation, which, though faced with grave financial difficulties, has not yet reached the point at which the only economy left to it is to cut down the physique and vitality and intellectual development of its children. The significant thing to an Englishman is the reception which the proposals met at the hands of the public. Ten years ago they would probably have been accepted without a murmur except on the part of the teacher and of a handful of educationalists. Both for historical and for practical reasons—the fact that public education in England originated, not in a popular movement, but as a system, largely philanthropic, partly disciplinary, designed by the governing classes for the mass of the people, and that until comparatively recently its quality was often poor—education till recently had not struck the public imagination. It was tolerated, but it was not regarded with any enthusiasm; labor organizations, though applauding it in general terms, were inclined to scrutinize with some suspicion proposals which involved lengthening the school life, and it would have been quite impossible to mobilize working class opinion for any effective resistance to attacks upon it.

The government, considering, like most governments, what form of economy would be least unpopular, evidently held that the attitude to which the members had been accustomed in their youth, was still general. The press, with a few exceptions, did the same, and for several weeks before the Geddes report appeared, poured forth articles ridiculing educational faddists and urging sweeping reductions in educational expenditure. The proposals of the economy committee were published, and lo! the experts in public opinion appeared to be a decade behind the times. There were protests from every quarter of the country, in which teachers naturally played a conspicuous part, but which were chiefly remarkable for the indignation which the policy

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of educational economy appeared to have aroused among working people. When the Workers Educational Association—a federation of trades unions, cooperative societies, and educational bodies—organized meetings to oppose it, it met everywhere with instant and enthusiastic support. Two bye-elections, one in Manchester and one in London, took place immediately after the proposals had been made public. In both the Labor candidate put opposition to the educational "cuts" in the forefront of his program. In both he was returned, largely, in the opinion of good observers, on that ground. To the astonishment of politicians, the gratified surprise of many educationalists—an attack on education turned out to be bad politics. When the question was discussed in the House of Commons recently, members dealt with it in an unusually chastened mood.

Some reductions in educational expenditure will be made, largely by the silent pressure of administrative action, which cannot be resisted so easily as open reversals of policy. But it may be prophesied with some confidence that no government will in the near future appeal to the country with the frank declaration that it intends to make large savings at the cost of education. For over two years progressive movements have been beaten from point to point. If one ground seemed more hopeless than another for making a stand, it was that of education. And it is precisely in education that the stand has been made.

The person who is happy enough to belong to a nation which takes education seriously, will see nothing surprising in such a result. To an Englishman, who is accustomed to see education treated as the Cinderella of the public service, it is very remarkable. To what is it due? Probably no doubt to the practical fact that the proposals for educational economy threatened to disturb the arrangement as to salaries recently made with the teachers, and that the National Union of Teachers, not to mention the smaller societies, is a powerful and well organized body. But mainly, it would appear, for deeper and more significant reasons. For one thing, there is the immense improvement which has recently been taking place in the schools themselves. Twenty years ago, under the old régime of formal discipline, the majority of children were undeniably glad when their schooldays were over. Today, thanks to the new freedom which is generally being won for them, to the intellectual concern which has as its aim to adapt the school to the child not the child to the school, to the conceptions of the purpose and method of education for which England owes much to (among others) distinguished American writers on education—one need mention only Professor Dewey—the schools are becoming places of activity, life, a vigorous and many-sided growth. Naturally they have won the affection of the children, the true propagandists of education, to a degree which was rare in the past. Naturally the change of attitude on the part of the children has produced a corresponding change among the parents with the result that the primary school has in many places become a popular institution, and that parents are quick to resent proposals which threaten it.

In the second place the last ten years have seen a silent revolution in the sphere of higher education. Historically primary and secondary education have been until recent times in England social rather than educational categories, not stages of education, but systems of education between which somewhat slender bridges have been thrown by means of scholarships. There is a long way still to travel until that doctrine and the organization based upon it are entirely discarded. But the most impressive feature in the educational history of our generation has been an expansion of secondary education which twenty years ago would have seemed beyond the bounds of possibility, and a growth in the desire for it on the part of the mass of the people which has doubled the secondary school population since 1910. Consequently the supply, greatly as it has increased, has been so far short of the demand that some 10,000 children are refused admission to secondary schools every year because the schools cannot accommodate them. Hardly less important, the spread of adult education represented by the growth of the Workers Education Association and kindred movements has given organized labor a new conception of the possibilities of higher education of a liberal and humane kind as a vital element in the life of a democracy, and has produced a growing body of students who can speak from practical experience of the value which such education has had for them.

The result is that the development of education has become one of the ideas which appeal to the popular imagination. The consequences of that change of outlook in the ranks of labor may be far-reaching. It will awaken a powerful response among sections of the community, for example the teachers, who are little stirred by conventional programs of social reconstruction. Amid the general disillusionment of the moment it offers evidence that a population with new ideals is growing to maturity.

R. H. Tawney.

Memory

Do not guard this as rich stuff without mark
Closed in a cedarn dark,
Nor lay it down with tragic masks and greaves
Licked by the tongues of leaves.

Nor let it be as eggs under the wings
Of helpless startled things,
Nor encompassed by song, nor any glory
Perverse and transitory.

Rather, like shards and straw upon coarse ground,
Of little worth when found:
Rubble in gardens, it and stones alike,
That any spade may strike.

Louise Bogan.

Little Sonnet

Let your loving bondswoman
Salute your lips if you prefer;
This is your courtesy to her.
Yet still remember how she ran
From her grave, and running, leapt
To catch the arrows of your hurt,
To stretch her body in dust and dirt,
Flinging a causey where you stepped.

Remember how, asleep or waking,
The shallow pillow of her breast
Shook and shook to your heart's shaking,
In pity whereof her heart was split;
Love her now; forget the rest;
She has herself forgotten it.

Elin[illegible]

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A Tchehov Note

WE of the Moscow Art Theatre wanted the rights of production for his play, Uncle Vania.

"Why? Listen to me, don't do it. There is no need for it. I am not a playwright." Anton Pavlovitch was trying to be evasive. "And after all I don't even know your theatre."

That was mere craftiness on his part. He simply wanted to see our production of The Sea Gull. We gave him the opportunity. As we had no permanent quarters, our theatre for the time being settled in Nikitsky's Theatre, and it was advertised that there a performance would be given without the public. All the scenery was moved there.

It would seem that the filthy condition of the empty, unlit, and damp theatre, with the furniture removed, would have made an unfavorable effect upon the actors and their single spectator. Nevertheless the performance gave Anton Pavlovitch a great deal of pleasure. Evidently he had hungered for the theatre during his banishment in Yalta.

With what childlike pleasure he walked about the stage and visited all the dirty dressing-rooms of the actors! He loved not only the brilliant side of the theatre but the seamy side as well.

He was pleased with the performance but criticized several of the actors. He included me in the number, in my part of Trigorin.

"You play wonderfully, but not my character. I didn't write that."

"What is the matter?" I asked.

"He has checked trousers and ragged shoes."

And this was the only explanation that Anton Pavlovitch would vouchsafe me, in spite of all entreaties.

"Checked trousers, and he smoked his cigar like this."

And this was all I could get out of him.

This was how he always expressed his remarks: imaginatively and tersely.

They would amaze me and cut deep into my memory. It was as if Anton Pavlovitch gave you a charade: you could not rest until you had solved it.

He judged the execution of one of the parts severely and with great cruelty. It was difficult to imagine it possible in a person so exceptionally kind. Anton Pavlovitch demanded that the part be taken away immediately. He would accept no apologies, and threatened to forbid the further production of the play.

As long as the conversation was about other parts he would allow a friendly jest about the short-comings of the performance, but as soon as they talked about this part Anton Pavlovitch changed his tone and dealt hard and merciless blows.

"You can't! Listen to me. This is a serious undertaking."

. . .

He intended to write a play for us.

"But in order to do so it is important that I see your theatre," he kept on arguing in his letters.

When it became known that the doctors wouldn't allow him to make the trip to Moscow in the spring we took his hint, and decided to go to Yalta with the whole troupe and the complete settings.

In April, 1900, the entire troupe with their families, the settings and the properties for four plays, left Moscow for Sebastopol. They were followed by some of the public, fanatics of Tchehov and our theatre, and even one very important critic, S. V. Vassiliev (Flerov). He went with the specific purpose of reporting in detail our performances.

This was a great migration of nations. The Crimea gave us but a cold reception. An icy wind was blowing from the sea, the sky was enveloped in clouds, and at the hotel the stoves were going full blast, but we were freezing.

The theatre was still boarded up from the previous winter, and the storm was playing havoc with our placards, which no one read.

We became despondent.

But now the sun came out, the sea smiled, and we became cheerful again.

Some people came, tore the shield off the theatre and threw the doors open. We entered. It was as cold as in a cellar. This was a cellar indeed, which you couldn't air in a week, and in two or three days we were to play in it. We were worried above all about Anton Pavlovitch. Would he be able to sit through a performance in this damp, heavy air? All day long our ladies chose places where it would be best for him to sit, where there was the least draught, etc, etc.

Little by little our company collected near the theatre, which began to bustle with life.

We were all in holiday mood. The second season, everybody dressed in new hats and jackets. We were all very young and we were terribly pleased to be actors. Everybody tried to be extremely correct: this was not a provincial troupe, but a metropolitan company.

A very much dressed-up lady appeared, proclaiming herself a local aristocrat, a friend of Tchehov's, and demanded the literary box for all performances. In her wake came the public, and very soon all the tickets to the four advertised performances were sold out.

The next day we waited patiently for the steamer on which Anton Pavlovitch was supposed to arrive.

He was the last one to come from his stateroom, looking pale and run-down. He coughed violently.

His eyes were sad and sickly but he tried to smile pleasantly.

I felt a desire to cry.

Our eager photographer, the amateur Tikhomirov, snapped him on the gangplank of the ship and afterwards everywhere that he could. He would run after Anton Pavlovitch and photograph him, sometimes alone, sometimes with the troupe, in all poses and attitudes. This everlasting photographing evidently impressed Anton Pavlovitch, and gave him the idea for the photographing scene in The Three Sisters which he was planning at the time.

Everybody tactlessly stormed him with questions about his health.

"Very good. I'm quite well," Anton Pavlovitch would answer.

He didn't like solicitude about his health, not only from strangers, but even from his friends. He never complained, no matter how badly he felt.

The following day, Easter Monday, that is, we began our performances. We had a double ordeal: we had to play before Anton Pavlovitch and a new public. The whole day passed in excitement and worry.

I had a glimpse only of Anton Pavlovitch in the theatre. He came and surveyed his box and was uneasy for fear he wouldn't be screened from the public.

Notwithstanding the cold he wore a light overcoat. Everybody remarked it but he again answered briefly:

"Listen. I am well!"

The theatre was very cold, full of cracks and unheated.

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The dressing rooms were heated by kerosene lamps but the wind overcame the warmth. In the evening we all dressed in one small room, heating it with the warmth of our bodies, and the ladies, who had to dress in transparent clothes, ran to the hotel next door to get warm and change their costumes.

At eight o'clock the piercing sound of the hand-bell called the public to the first performance of Uncle Vania.

The dim figure of the author, who was hiding in the director's box behind the backs of Vl. Iv. Nemirovitch-Danchenko and his wife, made us very uneasy.

The first act was received coldly, but towards the end the success turned into a big ovation. They demanded the author.

On the following day the overwrought A. P. Artem was taken ill and didn't come to rehearsal. Anton Pavlovitch, who was very glad to serve as a doctor, welcomed the patient as soon as he heard of it. The patient, moreover, was Artem, of whom he was very fond. Presently he and Tikhomirov went to visit the patient. And all of us were curious to learn how Anton Pavlovitch would treat Artem. It was noteworthy that on the way to the patient Anton Pavlovitch stopped at his home and took along a hammer and stethoscope.

"Mind, I can't go without instruments!" he said, very much concerned.

For some time he examined him, listening and pounding him, and afterwards trying to impress upon him that medicine was unnecessary.

He gave him some sort of peppermint candy:

"Here, please, eat this."

And so the doctoring ended and Artem got well.

From a Record of L. A. SULVERITSKY.

Translated by FANIA MINDELL.

CORRESPONDENCE

Carthage or the Covenant?

SIR: Your editorial in a recent issue on We Keep Out of Genoa is good doctrine, but I question whether it is really true to all the facts. In the article occurs this sentence:

"The Allies obtained military assistance during the war practically on their own terms; and when the war was over and the victory won with American assistance they ignored the fourteen points and the armistice and wrote substantially the kind of treaty that they would have written if the American army had not contributed to their victory."

This statement is quite exact, yet it contains an assumption which I am astonished should recur so frequently in your columns—namely, that the Versailles Treaty was defeated, and naturally one infers, was defeated in the United States Senate, because of the Senate's concern for the fourteen points or for a Wilsonian, or an American, peace.

It is not doubted that the New Republic, and many others, objected to the Covenant because they felt that such a Covenant should rest upon just settlements. But are you justified in ascribing the Senate's rage over the Treaty to the Carthaginian peace to which Versailles aspired? As I recall it, had the Covenant been separated from the Treaty, the Treaty would have been ratified without any trouble.

Remembering this, I can understand why you wish that Secretary Hughes had come out finally in a denunciation of iniquitous features in the European settlement. But the New Republic knows well that American non-participation all along rests, not upon an outraged sense of righteousness, but upon a fear of idealism.

The matter is more serious than it appears to be, for it shows that the liberal journals, which are meat and drink to many a soul today, are not averse to little tricks of fortunate, or unfortunate, forgetfulness, at the cost, apparently, of sincerity.

IRVING MAURER.

Columbus, Ohio.

Mr. Graham Wallas Makes a Suggestion

SIR: I was in America during Mr. Palmer's raids in 1919, and have read with deep interest your article on the report of Senator Walsh's sub-committee. May I without impertinence make a suggestion to my American friends?

According to the report about 10,000 men were illegally arrested, books and papers were illegally seized, and property was illegally destroyed. The sub-committee is not a court; but surely the truth of this statement should now be tested in the courts by a sufficient number of actions for damages.

GRAHAM WALLAS.

London University, England.

A Post-Mortem Red and the Globe

SIR: In my article Picuro: A Post-Mortem Red, your issue of April 5th, there were listed a number of quotations from New York newspapers which made it appear that the man Picuro, killed by a bomb of his own making, was a radical and that the police had evidence to link him with a terrorist plot. These references to Picuro were entirely inaccurate, inasmuch as the police had no evidence whatever that Picuro was a radical but had considerable evidence that he was an associate of young criminals; he, himself, had been arrested at least four times on ordinary criminal charges. One newspaper, the Globe, was omitted from the list of newspapers quoted. That was because, in my examination of the newspapers on the subject, I failed to find that the Globe printed the story at all. It may be that the story was excluded from some editions of the Globe and printed in others. Or it may be that I completely overlooked the story in my examination of the paper. At any rate, since the appearance of my article in the New Republic I have learned that the Globe was, if anything, more glaring in its inaccurate account of Picuro's affiliations than most of the other papers. In its headline it declared "Red Plot Seen In Bomb Death—Believe Infernal Machine That Killed Maker Was Ordered For Demonstration," etc. In order to complete the record I would be grateful if you could inform your readers that accident, and not design, on my part was responsible for the omission of the Globe from the newspaper procession.

CHARLES P. SWEENEY.

New York City.

The South Did Protest Against Slavery

SIR: I wish to correct an inaccuracy in one of my letters to you. The gradual Emancipation measure of the Virginia State Legislature of 1830 *failed by one vote,* but was confidently expected to pass at the following session. The interference of the northern fanatic abolitionists, during the intervening summer, which brought on the "Hat Turner" insurrection put a quietus on the whole project. This information which I had yesterday from my cousin Miss Cornelia Jefferson Taylor, I thought I had better write you, is coincident with mine except that I thought the measure had actually passed. My cousin Cornelia's grandfather, and my great uncle, Mr. Thomas Jefferson Randolph, who was a member of that Legislature, originated the measure, I believe, and knew all about the circumstances. Up to that time I have heard that there were considerably over a hundred emancipation societies in the country and a hundred and four of them were in the South. The colony of Virginia had protested sixteen times against the slave trade forced upon her by England before the Revolution, and one of the reasons for the Revolution was objection to the alien and savage population forced upon her. I have not seen this mentioned in any school history.

FANNY M. BURKE.

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Can You Spare Some Books?

SIR: Charles Cline, one of the inmates, writing from the State Penitentiary at Huntsville, Texas, states:

"The entire library, stage and settings and moving picture machines at the Huntsville Penitentiary were destroyed by fire. All of it was bought and maintained by the prisoners and from that point of view, the loss is very great."

If any of your readers have books to spare or that they might like to contribute, they can send same, addressed to Charles Cline, in care of Huntsville Penitentiary, Huntsville, Texas, marked "For the Library."

HARRY WEINBERGER.

New York City.

"The Failure of the Churches"

SIR: The discussion of the attitude of American Protestant Churches during the war in your issue of March 29th prompts this letter. The writer believes chance had given him an unusual insight into European conditions prior to the war which made his view different from that of most of his neighbors, he professes to be a Protestant Christian although little interested in theology or church doctrine. The failure of the churches to do more for humanity seems to him lamentable.

In the first place I would support your contention that many of our clergy—including some whose training should have given them a wider sympathy—yielded to popular (?) sentiment and fear of economic consequences and preached a type of crusading propaganda which was not based on Christ's teaching. In other words, they rendered unto Caesar not only the things that are Caesar's, but also the things that are God's. Many a church, if not most, became in effect a recruiting station; in many there hangs today a service-flag, which after all was originally a device for stimulating war enthusiasm. Certainly the ministers of Germany were no more subservient to the state than were the majority of our own.

The main point of this letter, however, is not to corroborate your statements but to point out one important factor in the weakness of the church, Catholic and Protestant alike, a factor which should be obvious but which I have never seen emphasized.

In the early days of the Christian church, when persecution was the rule, there were, so far as I have read, few or no members who were not earnest and devoted. Christianity offered no easy road to temporal power or ease. When the Roman government was won over and Christianity became a state religion, things changed. In the Middle Ages power and easy livings became the curse of our religion. The factor which should be emphasized is this: before Constantine, each convert adopted Jesus as his Savior of his own free choice and was personally convinced in advance of the value of Christian teaching to him; after that time Christianity spread rapidly but largely through forced conversion, i. e. conquest. Nor was there much opportunity given such converts to learn of Christ or see his teaching exemplified about them. What inward change was wrought for instance in Clovis and his Franks in 496? or by any of the mass conversions of peoples who were conquered by Christian (?) kings of the following centuries? What sort of an example of Christian living did those "most Christian" kings Louis XIII and Louis XIV with their cardinal minister set for their neighbors?

History is said to repeat itself. So we find that the great reformers, Huss, Luther, Zwingli, and others with their followers were earnest, devoted disciples of Jesus. That the Protestant sects sooner fell prey to the wiles of the state was due to the fact that rulers were quicker to take advantage of the opportunity each brought than the Roman emperors had been and that the change was not so fundamental. Perhaps those denominations which have never held the reigns of temporal power or been acknowledged as state religions have kept themselves purest, certainly the Quakers at the close of the war have done more to rekindle the fire on the altar of the Brotherhood of Man and to make the Golden Rule a reality than any others.

In view of their great work for Christ and our country it seems to me that the failure of our clergy as a whole to protest against the systematic starvation of the people of Central Europe after the armistice is a more serious condemnation of the churches than was their attitude during the war itself. Surely no teaching of Jesus told them to stand idly by, much less approve, when the cradle of Protestantism was being driven to political, social, and religious anarchy and death.

The troubles have their causes. Jesus was not a theologian, his adherents often were; He did not seek temporal power, did not even accept when the Tempter offered it, the clergy has not followed his example; He taught and persuaded, they conquered by force and failed to teach properly afterward. His was a gospel of life and love, the church built a gospel of influence and power; it built upon war and it is no wonder if it became the servant of warriors. It seems as though some of its weakness were due to the rapid but unsound growth craftily forced upon it by the state.

As I understand your criticism, it is aimed at the churches, not at the teaching of Jesus Christ which seems to me acceptable to anyone as wholesome and pure, whether divine or not. From that point of view I agree and thank you for calling attention to the situation. No harm can come of it; good may result.

S-1 Y-2 S-3.

Monuments of the Ancient East

SIR: As a matter of news, and of scientific importance at the same time, you may be interested in the following letter which I have received from V. Vikentief, Director of the new Museum Institute at Moscow, under the Soviet government. It is as surprising to me as it is to you to discover that such enterprises as this are finding any support in present-day Russia.

I might mention the fact that Vikentief was formerly Curator, or Director, of the Government Historical Museum in Moscow before the war and I had dealings with him in the course of the production of a Russian translation of my History of Egypt, which appeared in Russia in two volumes in 1915 and which Vikentief assures me, in the letter accompanying his circular, is now out of print!

Vikentief begs me to inform other scientific institutions of the contents of the enclosed circular and, I take it, the matter is of such interest that you will be willing to give the circular space in your columns. Certainly the enterprise for which Dr. Vikentief asks our interest is worthy of the support he indicates it needs.

University of Chicago. JAMES H. BREASTED.

Dear Sir:—

It was proposed, in the year 1918, in the Section of Foreign Monuments of the Russian Historical Museum, to create a special Museum-Institute of the Classical East, and in the same year, in December, such an Institution was founded.

Its chief aim is to protect from destruction the monuments of the ancient East, which are to be found in Russia, and if possible to collect them into one place, creating thereby a centre for the systematic study of problems of the classical Eastern lore. This study is specially urgent just now as (1) the influence of the ancient East, through the Caucasus and the South of Russia, upon Russian civilization is now clearly proved and (2) because the present historical moment has caused Russia to recede towards the East.

The Museum collection contains at present 4,000 objects, and is continually increasing. A special library and a bibliographical catalogue are being formed. A systematic study of ancient eastern gnoseology and psychology (beginning with ancient Egypt) is in the course of being organized.

The Museum Institute is in great need of foreign literature, which it was so difficult to obtain at the time of the war and quite impossible to get since 1918.

The Museum Institute addresses a request to all Museums, scientific societies, specialists and editors of the world begging them to send books, periodicals and catalogues dedicated to the study of ancient Egypt, Assyria, Babylon, Palestine, Arabia, the Cretomycenian culture, Asia Minor, the Caucasus, Persia, the South of Russia, as well as of ancient America, India, China, Japan, etc., and also to send information about their work in the sphere of the Classical East and in that of all sciences relating to it.

All questions concerning Eastern lore in Russia the Museum-Institute will consider it an honor to answer without delay.

Only parcels labelled "sent as a gift" and addressed to: V. Vikentief, Director, Museum-Institute of the Classical East, Russian Historical Museum, Moscow, Russia, will be immediately delivered to their direct destination.

V. VIKENTIEF,

Moscow, Russia. Director of the Museum-Institute.

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The Madden Traction Report

SIR: May I not comment briefly upon the articles in your issue of April 19th, by Mr. Fred Bates Johnson, on the New York City traction valuation report submitted to the Traction Commission by its valuation engineer, John H. Madden.

I heartily join Mr. Johnson in his high commendation of Madden, whom I have known personally for a number of years and for whose professional ability and sincerity I have the highest regard. In the valuations in question, Madden accomplished a monumental task in a surprisingly short time, with a comparatively small group of men and at low expense.

Madden's work will undoubtedly leave an important mark in the history of public utility valuations. But Mr. Johnson, of Indianapolis, has been too far away from the scene of the valuations, is obviously unacquainted with the exceedingly complicated traction situation in New York City, and did not take time enough to study Madden's report sufficiently to discuss it without falling into serious error. At any rate, he is wrong when he extols the report as embodying the principle of valuing public utility properties on the basis of original cost less depreciation, as opposed to other methods constantly urged by the companies before regulatory commissions.

In the first place, as a matter of slight correction, Madden did not make a valuation, he only reported *various data* on the basis of which the Commission itself may finally fix the prices for the different properties to be taken over in the proposed traction reorganization. He did however, *recommend* to the Commission the basis and the amounts of the final valuations. And in his *recommended valuations,* he did not deduct depreciation from the original cost of the properties, but only the "expenditures necessary to place the property in first class operating condition." This is distinctly not the same as deduction for depreciation,—a confusion that Mr. Johnson readily fell into because of his mere casual acquaintance with the facts. It is true Madden computed also the depreciation of the properties, but he did not use the results in the valuations recommended to the Commission. The recommended deductions were over $40,000,000 less than Madden's own figures for depreciation. This great difference necessitates care in the discussion of principles so as not to confuse what Madden did with what Mr. Johnson said was done.

In the case of some of the most important classes of property the difference between Madden's computed depreciation and the amount which he deducted from the original cost in his recommended valuations, is rather astounding. For example, for all the properties outside of the scope of the rapid transit contracts and related certificates, the total electrical and mechanical equipment was placed at an original cost of $33,580,000. On this Madden computed a depreciation of $14,555,000 or over 43 percent, but in his recommended valuations he deducted only $130,510, or less than ½ of one percent. The latter is practically a negligible deduction and is essentially a recognition of original cost without any depreciation for age, wear and tear, or other expired usefulness of the property. And as a matter of fact, much of the equipment is old and unsuited to economical operation.

Manifestly, Madden is not the representative of what he was taken for. Except his adoption of original cost instead of present cost of reproduction, he seems to agree for the most part with the preponderant view of the public utility companies that where properties are kept in first class condition no deduction should be made for depreciation, whatever the age of the different units and their adaptation to future service requirements. Madden simply did not follow the principle discussed by Mr. Johnson and probably does not wish to be erroneously credited (or charged) with it.

Nor did Madden definitely commit himself to the principle which he largely followed in the recommended valuations. The situation is so extremely complicated, including so many different sets of circumstances, that possibly no one general principle of valuation could have been followed. As explained for the older properties, including all the surface and the old elevated lines, he did not deduct depreciation from original cost; but in some instances his deductions were practically equivalent to his depreciation figures, though in the aggregate $40,000,000 less than his computed depreciation, and in many instances the differences were strikingly large. In the case of the newer rapid transit properties, however, provided under contracts with or certificates from the City of New York, Madden did deduct depreciation from the original cost of the properties; but this probably should be viewed as a special procedure under the particular contract conditions.

In conclusion let me add that Mr. Johnson is probably no more reliably informed about the Hearst-Hylan attitude toward Madden's report and the Commission's proposed plan of reorganization than he is about Madden's methods of valuations. Again, the situation is so complicated that it does not lend itself to broadside generalization, much less to sheer malignant innuendo. I have been engaged for two months preparing a report for the Corporation Counsel of the City of New York on Madden's recommended valuations and the plan of reorganization; and I have been directed throughout to regard only the facts and what is desirable on broad, public grounds. I have not been hampered by any Hearst-Hylan "opposition to the Madden report, due to ignorance or demagogy" or any other reason.

JOHN BAUER.

The Junior College Movement

SIR: Your advocacy of the Junior College movement would perhaps be less enthusiastic if you had observed all its manifestations. The Junior College is merely a college limited to the freshman and sophomore years, and usually detached from other schools of collegiate rank. The movement to multiply such colleges has its impetus partly from the despair of swarming universities, which see themselves unconscionably overgrown; partly from the despair of the small college which recognizes its inability to offer the variety of subject-matter and equipment, for the four-year course, that is offered by the well endowed university; and partly, no doubt, from the democratic advance to which you give the credit. Whether these impulses are always wisely guided is an open question which may be propounded in this form: *should an underclassman be surrounded by the influence, critical standards, methods, and spirit of a high school, or by something approaching those of a university?*

Permit a first-hand illustration: as a sophomore I heard a few lectures by Professor (now President) Angell, which, besides being their own abundant reward, led me to choose him as my instructor in required psychology—to my lasting gain. Other masterly lectures I remember, in my first two years, by Professor Coulter and Professor Tufts. My freshman-sophomore courses included geology under Professor Salisbury, physics under Professor Milliken, zoology under Professors Wheeler and Childs, rhetoric under Mrs. Flint, literature under Robert Morss Lovett.

What separate Junior College could have offered me the like? Yet more, as one plowed through one's Livy, one came to know of Professor Hale and Professor Shorey in the background; trigonometry, though perhaps taught by a young graduate student, linked one somehow with Professor Moore; physics introduced us definitely to some of the breath-taking achievements of Professor Michaelson; fellow-freshmen or sophomores had Robert Herrick or William Vaughn Moody for instructor. Not that we were led to prostrate ourselves in personal hero-worship. Scholarship, crudely as we understood the matter, was in the air; one rubbed elbows constantly with upperclassmen and even with graduate students, and visits of inquiry and accomplishment opened before one. In the university library, the very freshman knew himself heir of all the ages.

Not every freshman can enroll in a great university. But every freshman should leave the high school behind him. The separate Junior College tends to grow up out of high school systems, to be manned by instructors whose habit has been the teaching of high school children; to emphasize drill (for which I have all respect), but not to bring into the centre of consciousness the methods or the problems of creative scholarship. It postpones until the junior year (which may be over-late) the salutary break with childhood; that fearful plunge, which the true college forces even on a student who lives at home, into a new world of ideas, a new experimentation in the handling of his own mind.

Were I choosing for some boy or girl in my charge, I should prefer a small, even a struggling college which numbered a Meiklejohn or a Gummere in its faculty, with all the influences which such a name connotes, to the smartest, most up-to-date Junior College.

JOSEPHINE M. BURNHAM.

Lawrence, Kansas.

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Forward and Backward

Salut au Monde. A festival based on the poem by Walt Whitman, with music written for it by Charles T. Griffes. The Neighborhood Playhouse. April 22, 1922.

The Shadow, by Eden Phillpotts. Klaw Theatre, April 24, 1922.

THE Salut au Monde at the Neighborhood Playhouse is an attempt to build a festival around Whitman's poem and its theme of the brotherhood of the world and of all races and all centuries. The scene is a darkened space from which the poet looks through a great circle that is like a crystal sphere, into the heavens and into time and sees there the shifting images of his vision. He sees the forms of the air, freighted with meaning; he sees the story of man danced there, the rituals of man's religions and the dream of his labor. The Salut au Monde is one of the most important events of the theatre year because of the fact that it is an experiment in terms of poetic idea interfused with and commented upon by light, music and dance forms; it attempts, in sum, to establish a rhythm out of a synthesis of all these elements. And in more or less the same way it has a social implication, a rhythm of groups of human beings, enthusiasms, worship, creation, struggle, love.

As an artistic whole I felt lacking yet in the Salut au Monde the impress of a pattern, a unified basis of design, of style. And there were times when the management of the recitative voices seemed to me a failure, not yet decided closely enough on its proportionment of words to be heard and mere musical effect. I should have liked also, to see the curtains narrow the circle of vision into a rectangle at times; and I wanted far more stylization in the earlier dance figures, more of idea in terms of pure and strict line and mass. But it is too much to ask that such an experiment, new in the theatre here, spring full blown from the producers' foreheads. Griffes' music alone would have made the venture necessary; not only for its originality and its strange effect of austere leanness and authentic sensuous ritual of the spirit, but for its very interesting and provocative arrangement of pauses and intervals of silence in relation to the poetry and the incidents. In the performance, aside from the music, the actual rituals themselves of the diverse races were given with full time-allowance for the just mood of each; and in the case of the Jewish there was great beauty of voice, and of the Hindoo a remote elegance and distinction. And the figures from Greek in worship of Dionysos, especially of the maenads, the crimson garment, the wine cup, and of the young men, the white robe with its black-figured borders, and the gilded thyrsos, had such moments of sudden and breathless beauty against the music and the poet's thought as our theatre rarely sees.

And I shall never forget the catch and excitement of one of the poet's verses at least—

I see the temples of the deaths of the bodies of Gods.

I shall not forget the beautiful, flowing precision of the cadences, of the blows on the syllables, as Mr. Ian MacLaren spoke them against the far-off voices beyond him and the line of the music nearby.

Most of all, this occasion of the Salut au Monde leads to a hope that we may have more recitation in our theatre, more poetry read, and especially poetry with music, moments when words may bind and focus the idea and mood of the music to a more definite and sharp meaning and application, and the music may widen and dilate beyond their usual limits the narrower burden of words.

So much for looking forward at the Neighborhood Playhouse. At the Klaw we may turn all the way round.

There have been numerous period exhibitions and auctions at various galleries this winter, but none more convincing than The Shadow. The play and the production go back to the early nineties, the eighties; and on the English stage that means more or less to the sixties. Eden Phillpotts has written a play in the style of Hardy and Godey's Lady's Book combined. He tells the story of the hard landlord slain by a hotheaded tenant, who marries then the lass wooed also by the young heir. In the end the murder is laid to the heir, who when the real criminal tells him the truth, takes the murder on himself and ends his life, so that the woman he loves may be happy; and the husband after no end of protestations and threats of suicide consents to go on living. In a word it is Mr. Willard's and the Kembles' plays and Molly Bawne and Mr. Meacham's Will, and Maid, Wife or Widow and all their adored nonsense come back again. And Mr. Lester Lonergan in producing the piece has expended all his skill and training in making a unit of it. He has brought out the complete hokum of the play, and has managed to make all the actors equally bad, even Mr. Kerrigan and Mr. Welford, whose tendency to do excellent work was finally downed in brittle and steady stage direction. There was never a second of fluidity in the whole thing, but only a rattle of exits and entrances, unvaried tempo, and prosaic labor. In this way a certain smoothness came to the production, for everything and everybody became equally false and empty of a conviction, whether stage conviction or the conviction of realistic fact. And a thoroughgoing effect of pains and care ensued all round, I have not seen for many a day such pumping around on one's legs. such well-timed surprises, embraces, despairs and entreaties, such a clutter of good business that got nowhere.

But we might as well talk about the landscape gardening of Washington Square as discuss The Shadow, if it were not for one query that arises from a contemplation of its endearing parts. This query goes back to the great days of Mr. Augustin Daly and his peers; days we have all been taught to revere, days we have had so often flung in our teeth. My friends at places like the Century Club and the Authors Club have not seldom vanquished me with the glories of those days, and I have lent a humble ear. But quietly I have recalled that from those days I have heard of that Verdi performance in Boston where real anvils, a host of them, and I seem to remember silver-tipped hammers also, were used for the chorus. I have seen some of the sets for Wagner's operas which corresponded, I was told, to the master's own taste in such matters, incredible lollipops of gauze and paint, middle-class to the last inch, foolish and stale. I have heard of an American soprano who once in Florence took an encore by kneeling in front of the curtain in a white dress and rolling her blue eyes to heaven as she sang Nearer My God to Thee, to the amazement of the Italians, who naturally wondered what the matter could be. And I have heard from a Paris novelist who came over to visit us in the first nineties just how stuffy a certain famous literary salon was here in New York, with everyone writing dialect stories and taking himself very seriously.

And so it was worth sitting through The Shadow to

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thrash all this out again in one's mind. Those spacious times of Daly, when Mrs. Gilbert reigned and the young John Drew and Ada Rehan and the rest—seeing The Shadow I asked myself this: Just how bad was it then? How stuffy and foolish and elaborate was the theatre? Nowadays our actors lack training, they know little of what comes that way, for speaking, walking, manners. But then? Was it not really a matter then of certain talents that arose by this training to artistic distinction in plays and in productions that wasted most of it? Apart from these individual figures, how much was it all the tomfoolery of mere boys, gay dogs, farcical or virginal loves, smug matrons and droll sires; of buckram or saccharine sentiment, highhorse morals and axiomatic thinking; of adolescent stories for Victorian ears, stuff that Ibsen knocked as high as a kite? I don't believe any longer in those days myself. They had some great assets but on the whole our theatre is well out of them. I know that, in spite of certain noble talents beyond praise, those theatre days must have been expertly flat for the most part and essentially bourgeois and trivial in so far as any deep or important art went. And if on no other grounds because I know that the arts pretty largely hang together; what is true of one art in a generation is apt to be true of the rest, one way or another, in spirit at least. And there are cold records to be had in some arts still: Longfellow, for example, who was thought a great poet; Ruskin, the great art critic; The Horse Fair, that masterpiece of painting; and those stage versions that Irving, Daly, Tree made of Shakespeare, which are still extant, worse than Longfellow and The Horse Fair, Shakespeare cut, rearranged, covered up with draper's goods. The theatre fades but these remain; and the recollection of them can help us not to swallow wholesale too much discouraging tradition of past glory.

And now fortunately in The Shadow there are no John Drews or Ada Rehans to dazzle us; and Mr. Phillpotts has given us the play and Mr. Lonergan the production to show us how much sentiment and hopping about and tricky obviousness there may have been in those great days, how few pungencies, how few ideas, how much professional skill and care and how much well-trained and busy ado about nothing.

STARK YOUNG.

Chorus

They will pass and subside—these dusts of the spirit and mind,
These dusts that are white like flame from the pits of the moon;
They will end in a murmur of wind, in a hushing of cries,
Very soon, very soon.

They will pass and subside, and there will be quiet and peace,
Though of such as may sit among ruins and weep in the dawn
Alone by the wash of dead seas, in the silence of rains
And the dream of what 's gone.

Very soon, very soon—in an hour, or the thought of an hour,
They will pass and subside, and the challenge they cried to the years
Be one with the memory that follows rebellion and light
And the ache of old tears.

GEORGE BRANDON SAUL.

The Bandwagon

How to Get an Audience

OKLAHOMA. G. O. Grant, county attorney, was kidnapped at Westville on April 3rd by masked men who "lectured him on morals."—*Bulletin of the American Civil Liberties Union.*

In Praise of Ignorance

Most Americans who are not confused by having too close an acquaintance with technical details can see that if Germany does not bear the economic burden that she placed upon France, France will have to bear it.—*The Outlook.*

A Second Attempt

In a recent issue of the Independent, Boston University was credited with the glory of thrashing Yale two seasons running in football. Not the Methodist Boston University but the Roman Catholic Boston College accomplished that feat. To Boston University, however, unless reports err, is to be credited the glory of offering a course for the training of aspirants to jobs in summer hotels.—*The Independent and Weekly Review.*

Partly Cloudy

While Mr. Bakhmeteff's title may be clouded in one sense, this Government believes it essential that he should remain here in an official capacity and will stand by him if the question should be pressed by Mr. Borah.—*The New York Times.*

The Coolness of Cal. Coolidge

Vice President Coolidge, who resides in the hotel, was up at that hour and looked out of his window at the crowd gathering below and the first fire engine to appear, but without knowing that the fire was in the Willard. When he realized that the hotel was on fire, he and Mrs. Coolidge dressed and went downstairs.—*The New York Times.*

"Hey Ding a Ding Ding"

As spring comes slowly up the way, over half a million men, accustomed to spend their days mining coal far underground, are out in the sunshine in their little gardens with their children digging up the soil and planting vegetables, while seedsmen in coal towns report a record business. Coal operators, as their mines are not working, have gone to join their families and play golf at Pinehurst or Hot Springs.—*The Literary Digest.*

Pot Addresses Kettle

It may have been good judgment or it may have been merely good luck, but whatever it was the decision of President Harding and Secretary Hughes to send no delegates to Genoa has been quickly vindicated. . . . . .

Neither Germany nor Russia in any true sense is interested in the official Genoa program. They are not now internationally minded—only nationally minded. It is not to be expected they should be anything else.—*The New York Tribune.*

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Books and Things

SERIOUSLY speaking, is there nothing we can do about it? We are not worse offenders, we like to tell ourselves, than other nations, but for a progressive and vigorous people, young enough to break a bad habit, even if it be the language habit, is such an excuse quite valid? Perhaps the person innocently most to blame is Professor Watson. Has he not told us, in Psychology from the Standpoint of a Behaviorist, that "articulate language, which is limited to man," is "the main behavior difference between man and brute"? Can it be that our self-indulgence in articulate language, as often as a distinguished foreign visitor falls into our hands, is due to a craven fear that if we do not talk a good deal he may confuse us with the brutes? A fear not only craven, but also causeless, baseless, groundless. Take the most recent case in point. Suppose we had all joined, about a fortnight ago, a conspiracy of silence. Suppose not one of us had broken his oath. Would the danger have been imminent of M. Maurice Donnay's or of M. André Chevrillon's mistaking the members of the American Academy of Arts and Letters for some form of animal life lower than man? No. Almost a thousand times no.

The scene was an upper deck of the Paris, well forward, at the moment when she was beginning to raise our voluble coast. In imagination I distinguished two distinguished figures, standing a little apart, gazing westward and landward. In imagination I heard one of them speak to the other. M. Chevrillon, who has been here before, was speaking to M. Donnay. "Courage!" he said, and pointed toward the land. "You are nearing a land where you will be exposed, for the term of your confinement there, to luncheons (with speeches), to dinners (with speeches), to receptions by both lights, natural and artificial (with speeches), to speeches (with speeches). These speeches will be partly of the hands-across-the-seagoing variety, and partly tercentenarian. In so far as they are tercentenarian they will be about Molière, of whom you have lately heard, in France and again in England, much. In the United States you will hear more. Courage!" he said, and pointed toward our land, "for there lies the land where you will need courage." And it was so.

And it was so. Meals and speeches, speeches and meals, at New York, at Princeton, at Washington and Cambridge and Boston—had we nothing better than cookery and prose to set before these travellers from a country that excels us in both arts? It is as if a land as much younger than our land as ours is than France had sought to express itself, in honor of two distinguished American guests, by means of baseball and open plumbing. And yet, after all—unprotected though M. Donnay and M. Chevrillon may have felt against "perils by mine own countrymen"—and although they may five times have received forty speeches save one—yet nowhere—and even as I write my pen trembles with a patriotic pride that is positively pro-American—nowhere, at no woman's college or young ladies' seminary or school for girls, were they subjected to a performance of Les Précieuses Ridicules.

Let us remember this, let us repeat that we know not what's resisted. The trouble is that our French visitors, for knowing just this, are in an even worse position than we. And what wasn't resisted!—that, alas! they know. They know, for example, that Mr. Brander Matthews didn't resist the temptation to make a pun. "The Imaginary Invalid," he said, contrasting our now with Molière's then, and touching upon Molière's appositeness to every time, "the Imaginary Invalid of today is a morbid student of psycho-analysis, making a Freudulent collection of his own complexes." Not the worst pun in the world, by a long chalk, but also, by a chalk longer still, not good enough. It is our duty, as respecters of our guests and as self-respecters, to avoid saying such things, to keep away from them, one hundred per cent away.

"Beware, at Jabberfests, the Pun
Less prized in Paris than in Gath;
Conspue le Calembour, and shun
The humorous Brandermath."

What Mr. Matthews said, however, was said by a man who evidently knows and loves Molière. Mr. William Milligan Sloane—Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, France, and of the Swedish North Star—may love him too, for aught I know, but apparently with a love that has not led to undue intimacy. "There is no great thought," said Mr. Sloane, "when the thinker leaves his concept in embryo, naked and shivering, or at best inadequately clothed [see, on your programme, What the Embryo Will Wear]. The exact and adequate expression of a thought is the test of its truth: vagueness and confusion harbour only falsehood." Molière "left to all posterity that exactitude of thought and its expression which carries with it conviction, rendering argument unnecessary."

Possibly, when he said this, Mr. Sloane was speaking less as Chevalier of the Legion of Honor than as Chevalier of the Swedish North Star. A guess in which I am disposed to fortify myself by quoting something M. Donnay has written of Molière: "Un style plus correct au théâtre paraîtrait froid. Certes, il y a dans ses vers des inversions forcées, des expressions impropres, des chevilles, des ellipses rudes, des métaphores qui surprennent. On peut en être affligé à la lecture, parce qu'on lit des yeux et sans prononcer les mots; mais, au théâtre, éclairé, souligné par le geste, la physionomie et surtout la diction d'un bon acteur, ce qui nous paraissait laborieusement compréhensible prend un relief saisissant."

Seriously speaking though I have been, I am about to speak more seriously yet. There is one thing we can do toward bettering our treatment of Eminent Foreigners. One of these days, when my airship comes in, swift-sailing from Golconda, I shall undertake the task. My pockets crammed with Golconda gold certificates, I shall procure by advertisement the services of a Companionable Kidnapper with the gift of tongues. His duty it will be to go down the bay and smuggle Eminent Foreigners off incoming liners. His, too, the duty of slipping a well-chosen substitute into the empty cabin. All the wear and tear of eating and listening will be undergone by the substitute. The Eminent Foreigner, secure and obscure in his hiding-place, will peruse an accurate list of the dangers he is escaping, will gloat day by day over uneaten speeches and dinners unheard. His sojourn among us, although he may deem it nothing to write home about, will at least be painless, comparatively.

But to look forward until I shall be in funds is to look too far into the future. The present we have always with us, and to the present must we shorten our gaze. Our only solace is that for M. Donnay and M. Chevrillon the particularly wordy present they are bearing up against will soon be over. Before long they will have taken ship again. No ineluctable speeches will trouble their repose in transit. They need not listen to any louder sound or more sustained than the wind's voice on the North Atlantic.

P. L.

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The Seed of the Puritans

Life and Letters of Henry Lee Higginson, by Bliss Perry. Boston: The Atlantic Monthly Press. $4.00.

THE theme of this admirable biography, as it was the theme of Henry Lee Higginson's life, is friendship. The first line is a quotation from a letter to his father, written before he was eighteen: "It is singular how little we really know of our relations." Perhaps this boyish sense of ignorance was prompted in a measure by the extent of the subject, for as a descendant of that Francis Higginson who landed at Salem June 27, 1629, and whose son John preached in the Salem pulpit for nearly fifty years, he inherited an immense family connection. The Higginsons "were allied to an amazing number of old Boston families: Cabots, Lees, Jacksons, Lowells, Channings, Putnams, Tyngs, Morses, Paines all called them 'cousins.'" Mr. Perry remarks that the sense of kinship flowered to perfection in the Higginsons"; in Henry Higginson it became affection, loyalty, chivalry. One can attribute the broad humanity, the generous democracy of his matured character to the warmth and intimacy of personal feeling founded on blood relationship and early companionship. His entire public service can be read as a consecration to the memory of his friends. In his last years he wrote, "We need more true democracy, true fellowship between man and man and more wish to serve our fellows, for on it depend religion, morality, the usefulness and happiness of life—God's blessing, else why are we here?—If my nearest and dearest playmates had lived, they would have tried to help their fellows, and as they had gone before us, the greater the need for me to try." Mr. Perry does well to sprinkle his pages with the names of these playmates, classmates, comrades-in-arms, and associates in business and good works. Henry Higginson would have had it so.

After a boyhood in Chauncy Place, and at the Latin School, Henry Higginson entered Harvard in 1851. It was apparently a misfortune that ill-health obliged him to leave college after a few months, and spend a year abroad. Three succeeding years of business in Boston left him restless and unsettled, and once more he sailed for Europe. It was a call of friendship that made the immediate occasion of this journey, the illness in Italy of Charles Russell Lowell. Together they traveled northward from Rome, with a gig and a saddle horse, riding and driving by turns, and crossed the Tyrol to Salzburg. Thence he proceeded to Vienna to study music. It is easy to imagine him as one of Henry James' heroes, rather wistfully seeking to recover that inheritance of old world culture of which his generations of New England forefathers had deprived him. He was not the only Bostonian on a like quest. In Rome he had found "Charles Eliot Norton, Mrs. Stowe, the Frank Lowells, the Thomas Carys, and the Ticknors." Of the most famous expatriate of his time, William Wetmore Story, the sculptor, he noted with mild scepticism, the Puritan theory on which he had based his career: "that there is more difference in will than in ability to do, and that a man can with industry do anything." Of himself, however, he wrote with full conviction: "As everyone has some particular object of supreme interest to himself, so I have music. It is almost my inner world; without it, I miss much and with it I am happier and better." Again it was an apparent misfortune by which an injury to his arm deprived him of any opportunity of distinction as a pianist. Instead it was reserved for him to become the greatest patron of music in America.

The account of Major Higginson's part in the war, which broke out a few months after his return, is again a record of friendship. His first service was in connection with his classmate, James Savage, to recruit a company at Fitchburg for the Second Massachusetts Infantry in which he became a lieutenant. In the autumn of 1861 he was transferred to the Second Massachusetts Cavalry, of which he became major, and in which Charles Francis Adams was a captain. In the months of inaction while the cavalry arm of the service was being developed, he heard of the death of James Jackson Lowell at Glendale, and of the slaughter of his old regiment at Cedar Mountain, where Stephen Perkins and James Savage fell. At Antietam he lost two friends, Wilder Dwight and William Sedgwick. At Aldie Gap after Chancellorsville he was himself severely wounded, and his brother, James J. Higginson, taken prisoner. In his months of convalescence came news of the death of Robert Gould Shaw at the head of his black troops at Fort Wagner, and of his own closest friend, Charles Russell Lowell, at Cedar Creek. These personal tragedies were the background of that simple and moving address to the Harvard students in presenting to them the Soldiers' Field, in memory of six "Friends, Comrades, Kinsmen" of whom he said: "Thousands and thousands of other soldiers deserved equally well of their country—I only say that these were my friends, and therefore I ask this memorial for them."

To these companions, so marked by tragic fate, there came brief interludes of happiness, which strengthened the bonds of kinship among them. To them the world was literally

> A place to stand and love in for a day
> With darkness and the death hour rounding it.

"Poor Jimmy Lowell," Higginson wrote after Glendale, "or rather poor Cousin Anna, for Jimmy is well enough off." It was Anna Lowell who after his wound at Aldie nursed him in the Amory Hospital. "Bob Shaw has just written Greely and me after his marriage; he is as happy as a king," he wrote to his sister. Charles Russell Lowell married Robert Shaw's sister. Major Higginson preserved a letter from Mrs. Tappan quoting William James' description of the review of Colonel Shaw's black regiment at Readville, where "Charles Lowell and Effie Shaw sat on their great war horses looking on, and looked so like a king and queen that he did not venture to speak to them." Greely Curtis, invalided home from the Second Cavalry, married Harriet Appleton; and Major Higginson himself, in his furlough after Aldie, married Ida Agassiz, to return to the front later on General Barlow's staff.

The Education of Henry Adams suggests a curious likeness between Boston of the thirties and forties, with its family clans and feuds, its intellectual ferment and enthusiasms to an Italian city of the early Renaissance. In the days just before the war the likeness is stronger, when the hard surface of Puritanism was broken up, and her young men were seeking eastward for seeds of new learning and culture. The war called them back to sterner duties. The failure of the Puritan Renaissance must be attributed in some measure to the sacrifice of their generation. After the war, the material development of

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the country drew them westward. Major Higginson was himself tempted into pioneer fields, became manager of an oil company in Ohio, and with two soldier friends, Channing Clapp and Charles F. Morse, bought a cotton plantation in Georgia. On both occasions he was the fortunate child of failure. He returned to Boston to become a member of his father's and his uncle's firm, Lee Higginson and Company, and like a burgher of Florence or Amsterdam, he made his ventures in distant parts and brought his wealth to the adornment of his native city.

In these years Major Higginson's services to the community centred about two institutions dear to his heart—Harvard University and the Boston Symphony Orchestra. With the former his early connection was, as we have noted, limited to a few months membership in the class of '55. By virtue of his many personal associations with Harvard, however, he always felt that he "belonged." In 1860 he was buying books in Vienna out of his own pocket for the Harvard Library, and one of his early letters to his father contains strong reprobation of a prominent citizen of Boston who died without leaving anything to "the college." He was a signer of the Articles of Association of the Society for the Collegiate Instruction of Women, which founded Radcliffe College. His name first appeared prominently as a benefactor of Harvard with his gift of the Soldiers' Field in 1890. His later gift of the Union, his service as member of the Corporation, and still more his appearance each year to greet the Freshmen and to preside at the Memorial Day exercises made his name and his face known and loved by all Harvard men. And not only to Harvard—to Harvard's friends, the Institute of Technology, Yale and Princeton his purse and his heart were open. The American colleges are lacking in many things that give richness and power to academic life. But with all their faults, their infamous architecture, their uninspired teaching, their narrow social outlook, their inchoate educational process, they are strong in the love of their sons. It is this which gives them dignity and authority, honorable place and venerable tradition. The greatest gift which Henry Higginson gave to Harvard was his love for her.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra was the child of his desire and his imagination, the realization of his youthful ambition and his dream. He founded it in 1881, and thereafter for thirty-seven years he bore the full responsibility for its conduct, financial and artistic. By no means a rich man, he met the yearly deficit out of his own pocket. On the one hand he was obliged to fashion his organization out of material to be found only in Europe, and on the other to build up a musical public in America worthy to appreciate his gift. As he put his heart into everything he did, it is not too much to say that he loved his orchestra: the players were his friends and so were the audience. Thus his genius for friendship contributed largely to the success of the enterprise, and in the end transcended even national and racial feeling, always so strong in him, and made him almost against his will an "internationalist."

When the World War broke out, and still more when America went in, Major Higginson was placed in a positios of extreme difficulty. On the one hand he yielded to no man in his love of his country and belief in her cause; on the other he stood sponsor for a group of aliens, most of them from enemy countries, who had come to Boston at his invitation on a purely artistic mission, one which he rightly felt was apart from all political considerations and national hostilities. He recognized particularly his obligation to the conductor, Dr. Muck, who had, at his solicitation, continued in office after the United States entered the war. He was firm against the outcry of men and women who would have made the orchestra and its members the object of their self-advertised patriotism. In the midst of an orgy of vulgar and stupid hatred, "he nothing common did or mean." He stood by Dr. Muck until his arrest, and his last quoted reference to him is a protest against the needless brutality of the agents of the Department of Justice who made it. Altogether Major Higginson's attitude throughout, as his biography reveals it, was exceptionally high-minded and honorable, and it was one of which his country should be proud.

It is a fact worth noting that Henry Higginson and Henry Adams were members of the same generation. In them the Puritan spirit had ripened and mellowed, taking in the one the form of enthusiastic generous action, and in the other of withdrawal and contemplation. To the one, *doing,* to the other, *being,* was the chief end of man. Higginson found his happiness in "acting and instituting." Adams was never free from the hampering necessity of knowing "how and what we ought to act and institute." Higginson was full of faith in life, a faith based on his trust in his friends. To him the inquiry into the rights of private capital was an attack on the Forbeses and Perkinses, on "Alex" Agassiz and "Quin" Shaw, and he sprang to their defence. Adams was critical and skeptical. He saw clearly the forces behind the campaign for the gold standard, but he acquiesced. In him the native hue of resolution never shows through the pale cast of thought. Higginson was the optimistic exponent of democracy according to the tradition of the fathers, his ancestors; Adams was the pessimist whose speculations led to the theory of the degradation of democratic dogma. Thus they remain, the contrasting types of the later Puritan spirit which the Puritan poet has made imperishable in L'Allegro and Il Penseroso.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

Garbage and Gold

The Enormous Room, by E. E. Cummings. New York: Boni and Liveright. $2.00.

I FEEL as if I had been rooting long, desperate hours in a junk heap, irritably but thoroughly pawing over all sorts of queer, nameless garbage, rotting tin cans, owl's skeletons, the poisonous fragments of human apparatus rusting into morbid greens, yellows, oranges, and yet as if after prodding about among these and other objects best touched only with a stick, I had come away at last with some lumps of curious, discolored but none the less precious metal.

Could any sensitive person be locked up in a small, filthy French prison with a riff-raff of suspected spies and write an honest book which did not give something of this effect? I doubt it. Mr. Cummings is honest. He is also sensitive, so sensitive that the lightest tremors of life make his tongue, like some cubistic seismograph, record them in a cryptic, half insane dance of words.

This sensitiveness has a tinge of self-pity, which the indignant letters of the introduction do nothing to diminish. Mr. Cummings was arrested while with a section of the Norton Harjes Ambulance Corps at the front, and shipped off to the prison for political suspects at La Ferté Macé, on charges none too clear, but apparently not more serious than that a friend of his had written home in a revolutionary vein disliked by the censor. He does not take this fate easily, of course, but too often his bitterness is venomous.

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It also leads him into a rather unpersuasive account of his own ease and dignity. We find him replying "imaginatively," speaking "gently," "briefly and warmly," "deliberately," or "with perfect politiness"; he makes a verbal "sortie"; here he bids "a vivid adieu," there he "cares no whit." He imagines himself threatened with a firing squad, and, being asked "when he preferred to die," replying "Pardon me, you wish to ask when I prefer to become immortal?" With many other such touches he builds up, I cannot say how unconsciously, a not very flattering self-portrait.

Before leaving to the psychologist these clues toward a reconstruction of Mr. Cummings's mind, let me add to them a few of the words and phrases he particularly likes to use in describing the world that surrounds him. He is fond of "divine," "thrilling," "very," "insane," "infinite," "neat," "gentle." Things seem to have an enormous meaning for him when, using a short-hand of his own, he describes them as "neatly hopeless" or "utterly delightful," when he calls the darkness "gentle" or "very tremendous," or silence "violent and gentle and dark"; when a face seems to him "intensely sexual," when a "roar bulges," or a "racket bulges in the darkness." A "din" to him is "minutely crazy," or has a "minutely large quality." How many guesses as to Mr. Cummings's meaning are we allowed when he hears a voice that is "moldly moldering molish"? Is there anything to be said, by anyone not a symbolist, an expressionist, or other verbal cutter-across-lots, for "a sharp, black, mechanical cry in the spongy organism of gloom"; for "female" or "sonal" darkness?

Do such expressions mean that reality has tortured their author's nerves into a snarl? Can the other parent of such obvious children of disorder be any kind of light? Before you go on to the good things Mr. Cummings has done, read this bit carefully and roll it on your tongue.

> . . . a lithe pausing poise, intensely intelligent, certainly sensitive, delivering dryingly a series of sure and rapid hints that penetrate the fabric of stupidity accurately and whisperingly; dealing one after another brief and poignant instupidities, distinct and uncompromising, crisp and altogether arrowlike.

If one gives one's imagination (in this case out of Nerves by Dictionary) a free rein, this sort of thing is not hard to do. Such a horse shies easily at reality, bolts into oxymoron and by way of self-expression bucks with hallucinating turgidity. It reminds one of sonal pools of insanity, bulging neatly but enormously with bat-wingéd words.

It is strange that Mr. Cummings does not go oftener into these tail-spins, since he has mastered their technique so thoroughly, and so much seems to enjoy them. He is also a master of conveying to you the essence of disagreeable smells, putrescences and vilenesses. I have nothing to say against anyone's describing a stinking French prison just as it is. But Mr. Cummings has a real flair and gusto for filth. Read his eager description of Ça Pue, beginning on page 27. Note how he happened upon "a smile which had something almost foetal about it." At such times one almost thinks he shares, with M. Le Directeur of the prison, to whom he imputes it, "an unobstreperous affinity for excrement."

But, upon laying down the book, one can almost say with him (page 173) that "the stink was actually sublime." Again and again he touches off a phrase boiling hot with life. While most of the strange human wrecks and vermin he sees in the prison pour forth, under his attempts to describe them, a writhing fog of words, here and there a few quick touches reincarnate some face or gesture intensely felt or seen. For instance, of prisoners asleep: "on each paillasse . . . lay the headless body of a man smothered in his blanket, only the boots showing." Of the schoolmaster: "By some mistake he had three mustaches, two of them being eyebrows," or of Renée, a prostitute: "a perfectly toothless smile . . . ample and black . . . you saw through it into the back of her neck."

When Mr. Cummings untangles himself for a bit and stops shaking up his favorite words as if in a dice box, and rolling them out anyhow upon the page, he can build up original and vivid portraits. For two chapters his verbal fogs clear up long enough to let you see full length mountains, rugged and real. Such are the portraits of Surplice, Jean Le Nègre and The Wanderer, though the latter is clouded by such expressions as "his deeply softnesses eyes."

Surplice is not easily forgotten. No mere quotations can rebuild for you his ridiculous, friendly and pitiable figure, a figure so abject that, "being unspeakably lonely," he "enjoyed any and all insults for the simple reason that they constituted or at least implied a recognition of his existence." Jean Le Nègre is even better—Jean whose eyes filled with tears when sixty francs were stolen from him, who kept repeating like a child, "Planton voleur—steal Jean munee." Only if you read Jean's story will you realize how good Mr. Cummings is at his best.

As a sample of The Enormous Room at this seldom-found best, here is a sketch of a new arrival at the prison. It is a rare flower lost in the patch where Mr. Cummings has wilfully sowed hundreds of the wildest weeds:

> An old man shabbily dressed in a shiny frock coat, upon whose peering and otherwise very aged face a pair of dirty spectacles rested. The first thing he did, upon securing a place, was to sit upon his mattress in a professorial manner, tremulously extract a journal from his left coat pocket, tremblingly produce a large magnifying glass from his upper right vest pocket, and forget everything. Subsequently, I discovered him promenading the room with an enormous expenditure of feeble energy, taking tiny steps flat-footedly and leaning in when he rounded a corner as if he were travelling at terrific speed.

Out of such pictures, no other quite so clear cut, and in spite of all his chasing after "mystic wrynesses," Mr. Cummings finally manages to fashion a picture of his prison which recalls not a little the morbid solidity of Piranesi. The book has few dead phrases in it—it lives, if somewhat with the horrible life of a centipede. It has fire, now smoldering, now for a bit blazing into unhealthy violet and mustard colored flame. There is precious metal in it, but Mr. Cummings has brought up from his agonized and subterranean digging along with some nuggets of character and description all manner of sweepings, cobwebs and twisted iron. I should however rather dig with him for his tarnished treasure than enjoy all the sane and competent enamel-ware which is the bulk of literature today.

Only for short spaces is the water clear. Mostly he is, with joy and a sort of agony, stirring up mud at the bottom which invades this clearness. He bears the scars—and loves to show them—of battle with the fiend, and has himself become "half serpent in the struggle."

A queer, strong, defeated book, all smeared and spattered with genius. A dark, bent tree, gnarled, hag ridden, gross and worm-bored, bearing few leaves, and whether it will outgrow its canker and live to be timber I cannot tell. But "there is no timber that has not strong roots among the clay and worms."

ROBERT LITTELL.

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7 + 5 = 12

The Meeting of Extremes in Contemporary Philosophy, by Bernard Bosanquet, Fellow of the British Academy. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.60.

"7 + 5 = 12" is the somewhat startling title of Dr. Bosanquet's fifth chapter, which gives the climax of his whole argument. In the correct analysis of such a simple proposition he finds the clue, not only to logic, but to the profoundest problems of metaphysics. On the view which we take of the function of thought in the making of such judgments will depend our attitude to the problems of time, of change, of novelty and necessity, of the relation of mind to its objects, of the relation of religion to morality. No bolder or more comprehensive claim could well be made for the fundamental soundness of the "old idealism," which Dr. Bosanquet here defends with delightful vigor and freshness against the "neo-idealism" of Croce and Gentile, on the one hand, and, on the other, the manifold "realisms," "new" or "critical," of Bertrand Russell, S. Alexander, E. B. Holt, R. B. Perry, J. B. Pratt, and many others. Whether we agree with his conclusions or not, we must all of us acknowledge, without stint, his mastery of his subject. There are few living students of philosophy who can rival his learning, whether on the historical side—Plato, Spinoza, Hegel furnish the background of his argument—or in his command of contemporary literature, from the Italians to Meinong and Husserl, from the English to the American realists. The keenness of his argument is as stimulating as its sympathy and fairness are conspicuous. He lets his opponents speak for themselves in quotations, and his freedom from bias appears in nothing so strikingly as in the fact that he finds much more to welcome in the work of the New Realists than in the work of the Italian Neo-Idealists.

But to begin at the beginning: Dr. Bosanquet takes his cue from a meeting of extremes in contemporary philosophy to which he is the first to have drawn attention, and which, once pointed out, is certainly a most remarkable phenomenon. In formula, nothing could be more opposed than the theses of Realism and Idealism. For the Neo-Idealist, "thought, self-creative and all-producing, is the ultimate principle and even the ultimate type and form of reality." For the Neo-Realist, the real world is self-existent and independent of mind. It is not created by thought but discovered by it, and mind is but one empirical fact among others. Yet the opponents meet each other and Bergson in regarding the whole universe as engaged in a process of creative evolution. Thus time and change and progress are fundamental characters of the universe. A universe capable of changing, or, as the Italians say, of "becoming," is a universe capable of being bettered, and at this point the cosmic theory is linked up with the characteristically modern faith in the perfectibility of man, and of man's world, by the power over nature which knowledge brings. Thence it is but a step to that vigorously moral outlook for which the progressive conquest over evil is the great hope and the destined achievement of the human race upon earth, and which culminates in the "religion of humanity." Alexander's universe evolving towards "Deity" as the next higher level of perfection; Bergson's élan vital creating novelties in inexhaustible profusion; R. B. Perry's declaration that "the good is to be won by the race and for the race; it lies in the future;" Croce's identification of history as the creative unfolding of the world-spirit—all these are but variations on the central motif that time is real and that the aim of life is progress.

In this consensus the modern tendencies are, of course, sharply opposed to Dr. Bosanquet's own "old idealism," and consequently he reckons such consensus as evidence not of their truth, but of their common shortcoming. But if the modern tendencies are wrong where they agree with each other in differing from the "old idealism," they are right where they meet the old idealism and differ from one another. Thus Dr. Bosanquet has a cordial welcome for the "new" realists because their very desire to rescue all objects whatsoever from dependence on the mind which apprehends them, leads them to people their universe not only with the objects of sense-perception which we ordinarily call physical or material, but also with the objects of dreams and hallucinations, and again with the entities of mathematics, and with the universals and propositions of logic. The resulting universe is certainly miscellaneous and eccentric, but at least it includes within itself the unreal as well as the real, the imaginary as well as the actual, the false as well as the true. It is thus co-extensive with all that we in any sense experience and with all the distinctions which our thought is compelled to recognize. That neo-realism should have cast its net so widely is, for Dr. Bosanquet, the most valuable and promising contribution which it has made to what, by way of avoiding misleading -isms, he likes to call "speculative philosophy." On the other hand, Dr. Bosanquet sides with the "critical" against the "new" realists, in so far as the former agree with himself against the latter in rejecting the doctrine of the independence and self-existence of the object on the ground that every object depends, for its existence and character, on a context of conditions among which the presence of percipients cannot be omitted.

Thus the lines of contemporary thought cross and recross in bewildering fashion. Thinkers allied upon one topic oppose each other on the next. Labels become misleading, old associations are belied. Idealism, which ever since Berkeley has been identified with the cause of religion and with the defence of God and immortality, now under Croce's leadership throws religion overboard and leaves a realist like S. Alexander to provide it with a safe, if unorthodox, refuge. To disentangle these perplexingly interlaced threads which link opposing schools of thought by hidden affinities, is a marvellous feat of analytic skill on Dr. Bosanquet's part. And the best of it is his optimistic conclusion that in this meeting of extremes, this blurring of ancient boundary-lines, we have a splendid promise of a new philosophical synthesis which, leaving old catch-words and labels behind, will frankly face the universe of our experience in all its concrete diversity and richness.

Of course, Dr. Bosanquet believes that this synthesis will reaffirm in substance the philosophical outlook of Plato, of Hegel, of F. H. Bradley. This is the lesson which he seeks to drive home, with a special point against Gentile and Croce, in his analysis of "7 + 5 = 12." The two sides of the equation, like the subject and predicate in an ordinary proposition, are different, yet they are also seen and declared to be identical by an act of thought which, whenever it is genuinely performed, is always an "eternal novelty." We cannot treat the judgment, once made, as fixed and dead—a static object distinguishable from the living act of thinking, as Gentile proposes. "To know it, we must connect it with the whole and to connect it with the whole, in principle and ultimately, we must revivify the whole in its connection with the living present of

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thought." And thus every genuine act of thought, as a synthesis of differences, is to Dr. Bosanquet a working-model, so to speak, of the universe as a "differentiated and self-differentiating reality," a whole which can admit novelty and progress into itself whilst preserving as a whole its identity. Time is in it, but it is not in time. Change is in it but as a whole it does not change.

What, then, is this identical character which the whole maintains through all the changes and novelties succeeding each other in the stream of time? The answer is: perfection, i.e, the presence of eternal values, apprehensible through religious experience and philosophical speculation. It is the mystic's answer versus the moralist's. In morality, beyond every best attained there is a better still to strive for, and this unending pursuit is as self-contradictory to thought as it is unsatisfying to the deepest hunger of the heart. It is only through the "saving experience" of being at one with eternal values present everywhere in the world that feeling and thought find their true goal.

Dr. Bosanquet admits frankly that mere argument can neither establish such a view nor disestablish its contrary. For in all argument on questions such as these we must each speak of what he knows, i.e., of what he has deeply felt and thought. And where we differ in the quality of the experience which we seek to express, how can we convince one another? Behind these differences, however, lies a common principle: "What governs thought and finds utterance in its coherence is simply the nature of things." But this "nature of things" may communicate itself more fully to some minds than to others, and more fully through religion, with its faith in "glimpses and pervading suggestions of values, unique and splendid, universally distributed and irrepressible," than through morality for which good is locked in an unending conflict with evil. In practical conduct there may not be much difference between the two attitudes, but even our moral efforts will be more securely based if they rest on the faith that in its fundamental character of perfection the universe cannot change, than if we live on the hope, ever deferred, of future fruition.

To those who are themselves untouched by mysticism, this language will needs be unintelligible. But the mystic has as good a right as anyone else to contribute his experience to philosophy. For the world reveals itself differently to different minds, and it takes all sorts of minds to seize and express the truth about it in all its aspects.

R. F. Alfred Hoernlé.

Max Beerbohm's Cartoons

A Survey. 51 cartoons, by Max Beerbohm. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. $4.00.

No one, of course, ever laughed out loud at Max's work—it is too cerebral for that. And that is, I suspect, the thing that restricts his appeal. There is nothing hearty about it. I am speaking now of both the captions and drawings, for never were the two more closely knit than in this case. Good as they are, the drawings are incidental—a mere excuse upon which he hangs his barbed legends. They are utterly sophisticated and dwell not in the humanities but in the realm of dilettantism become professional.

Doubtless that is not a bad realm nor one to be despised but it does limit the range of one's audience. To borrow a phrase from Mayor Hylan, he is an "art artist."

I am not concerned because Max does not produce a product that would find favor with W. J. Bryan or President Harding. I am only endeavoring to point out that although he is a great satirist and a subtle humorist he is always "literary" and that his appeal is to the informed.

Whistler, for all his fame, is really known to the Great Public mainly through his portrait of his mother.

Genuinely great brilliance and cleverness, I think, carries with it the germs of death. The great human chord which clumsiness sometimes beats out goes far beyond the perfection of the exquisite artist. Arthur Symons never picked an immortal. And so, to the justly famous Man In the Street, Max Beerbohm will perhaps never be even a name.

Granting then, the brittle quality that cleverness imparts, does such work rise to the great heights? I really do not know. Perhaps to achieve that miracle an admixture of something the ordinary mind knows and feels is needed—something it will never find in Max.

For Max the joyous, Max the civilized, deals in a different commodity. His gifts are like a vintage wine of a year when the yield was small, but of surpassing flavor and bouquet. Such liquor is not for the tavern.

I have pondered how he came to draw as he does—his style, I mean. It is a sort of exceedingly skillful naïveté. You think, as you glance at some of the cartoons and are pleased by their mordant satire, "the mind of a Forain and the hand of a Kate Greenaway." And then you look closer and find how you've been tricked. Kate Greenaway was so simple and rustic—Max is so terribly knowing and worldly-wise.

For myself, it is when he takes up some British worthy and doubtless impales him on the point of his rapier, that I find my parochialism precludes an understanding. I should, of course, know why Lord Spencer peers through a hole in a collar of fabulous height or who Mr. Ralph Nevill is or why Mr. Philip Guedalla is torn between stern Law and buxom Literature, but I don't. Not that it matters much whether I understand or not. I am sure that all three are vulnerable and that Max has found the chink in their armor.

What could be more delightful than the drawing of the Post-Impressionist clad in a Henri Murger costume regarding Walter Greaves' portrait of Whistler and repeating Degas' remark concerning the same artist, "no man with any *real* talent could have behaved like that?"

Or the one in which a headless William, first Baron Leverhulme sets "out on a long, painful and entirely unpremeditated journey down the ages" led by Augustus John.

An amazing man is Max and, so far as I know, he has no counterpart.

Rollin Kirby.

America's Constitution

A New Constitution for a New America, by William Macdonald. New York: B. W. Huebsch. $2.00.

This is a frank and sensible criticism of the present way of carrying on the public business, written in a plain, straight-forward style. The author contends that it is a bad way, and as to that he presents a strong case. But he is not so strong in holding that "the irresponsible nature of the government is imbedded in the constitution itself,"

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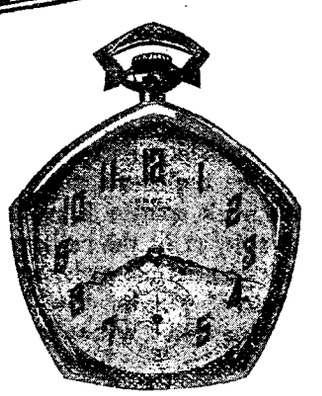

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although on that assumption he bases his argument in favor of making a new constitution.

Mr. Macdonald refers to "the profound and growing unrest and the thinly disguised talk of revolution which are to be found at the present time in all parts of the country." True enough, but history—and current history at that—gives plenty of warning that there is such a thing as getting out of the frying pan into the fire. It must be admitted that fear of what may happen is not enough to stop revolution if existing institutions prove to be incorrigible, but if improvement is possible all political experience shows that better results are obtained by mending than by changing the form of government.

Mr. Macdonald seems to think that in the very nature of our case mending is impracticable, but is it so? Suppose it to be true that the Constitution itself provides an irresponsible system of government; did not the English constitution on which it was modelled do that same thing? And yet responsible government has been set up without altering the general form. The old institutions have been kept and adjusted to new uses. Have results been better in France where the preferred course has been to create new institutions?

One modification of our present system that is obviously practicable without any alteration of the written Constitution is to give the Cabinet heads seats in Congress. We agree with Mr. Macdonald that this of itself would be a futile proceeding, but not so if in addition the administration obtained authority to propose measures and bring them to vote. This also could be effected by appropriate change in the rules of Congress without any change in the language of the Constitution. Mr. Macdonald thinks it to be an insuperable objection that the members of the Cabinet "would still be appointed by the President and subject to his direction and control." But exactly the same may be said of the legal status of Crown ministers. The choice of the President like that of the king would be practically confined to those who would be able to sustain their responsibilities under the fire of the opposition in the legislative chambers.

The plan that Mr. Macdonald prefers is the creation of the parliamentary system by constitutional amendment, a thing which in the reviewer's opinion is neither feasible nor desirable. The great defect of the parliamentary system, which has brought it to grief everywhere out of England and is now the cause of growing trouble there too, is executive instability. Our own Constitution, even as it now stands, is superior in that it is at least free from that defect.

HENRY JONES FORD.

Chapters from Childhood, by Juliet M. Soskice. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. $3.00.

EITHER Mrs. Soskice's memories have happily fallen into a sort of pictorial perspective, or else she has chosen among them with much skill; her book is not a heap of haphazard recollections, but is shapely and restrained. It has, in common with almost all English books about children, a bland simplicity which is rather bewildering. Can anything in nature be, one wonders, as guileless as these infants—the three who sallied forth, for instance, from the basement of William Michael Rosetti's home, bearing a home-made red banner, and intent on converting the corner policeman to Anarchy?

Mrs. Soskice, the jacket of this book says, "was a child in the Rosetti circle" and it goes on to speak of the persons of distinction who moved familiarly across her playground. Ford Madox Brown, her grandfather, is indeed realized almost as vividly in Mrs. Soskice's record of her childhood as the little anarchist page-boy in her uncle's home, who lay with his feet over the back of the couch and grumbled, but the others who pass over the pages—"Aunt Christina" Rosetti, Louise Michel, Prince Peter Kropotkin among them—are tenuous as ghosts. The book is interesting, but not for its personages; it is interesting as the record of a child who was allowed to be honest at home, and of her recoil from sophistry and sentimentalism in her later English and German convent education.

D. B.

Jewish Children, by "Shalom Aleichem" (Shalom Rabinovitz) translated by Hannah Berman. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.00.

"PEISA the box-maker stands at his work all day long. He sings as he works, old and new songs, Jewish and non-Jewish, mostly gay-sorrowful songs, in a gay-sorrowful voice."

These are gay-sorrowful stories of children in an old-world ghetto, simple and terrible stories, full of the sorrow of children and the frustration of dreams. There is a story of a boy who sold his cherished red prayer-book for a song, to gamble against a top that cheated; a story of the Tabernacle that the goats destroyed; a story of a boy who wanted a pocketknife so badly that he stole one, and afterward was delirious from fear; the boy who wanted to play the fiddle more than anything on earth, but who gave it up out of love for his father. Through them all sound the strokes of the rod ("You know that Jewish children have a lot of respect for beatings," says the teller of the tale of Getzel; Getzel, the pitiful fool whom no one would play with, and who made himself into two people so that he might play with himself).

You are not asked to feel more than a transient pity; most of these stories are told with humor—robust, necessarily, to grow in that dark soil. Shalom Aleichem is called "The Jewish Mark Twain"; it seems a far-fetched identification, although the man who wrote "The Mysterious Stranger" would understand this book.

D. B.

Contributors

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